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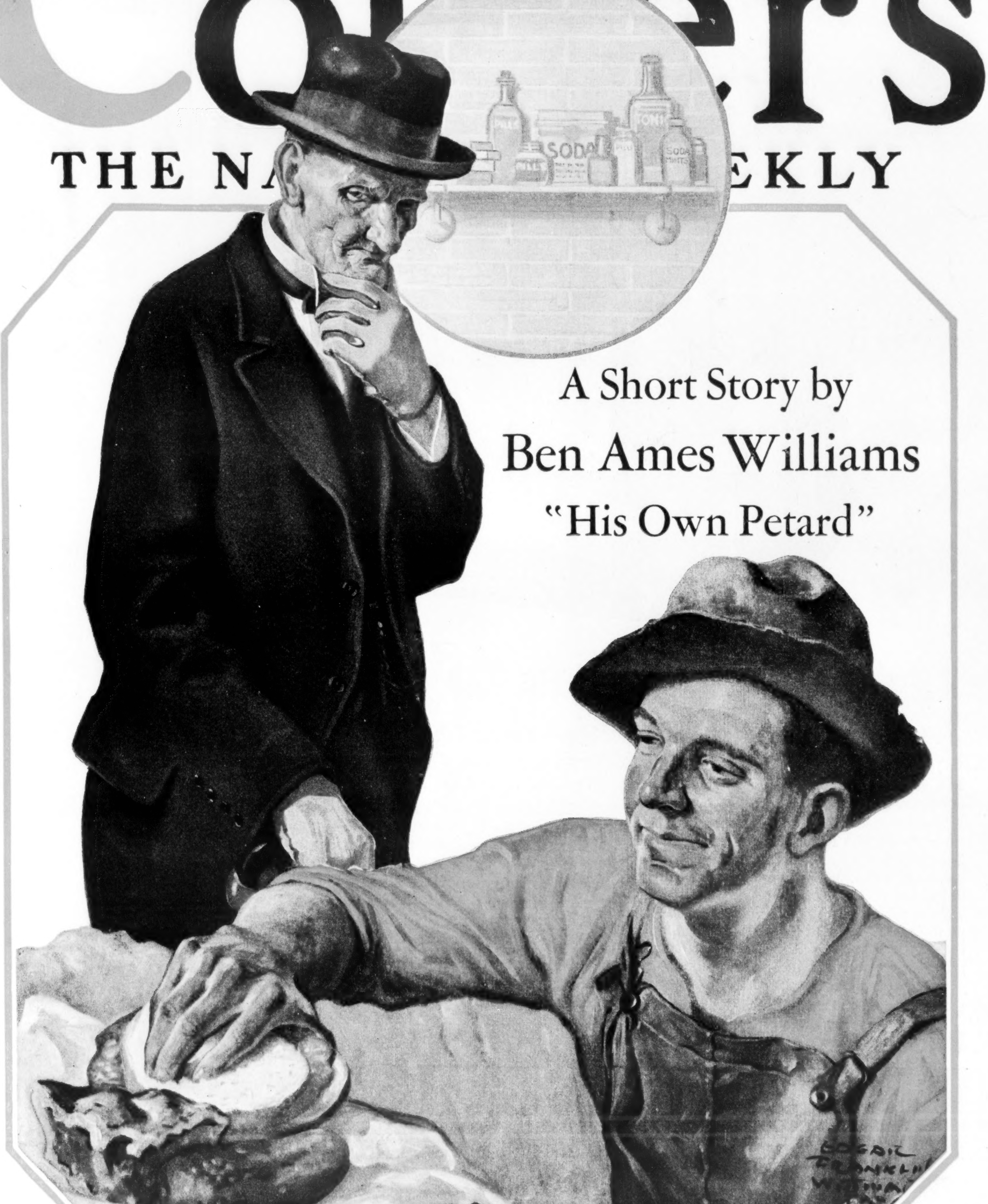
PILLS
SODA
TONIC
SODA MINTS
Edgar Franklin Wittmack

A Short Story by

Ben Ames Williams

"His Own Petard"

My Friend Babe Ruth by A

The Money Maker Model

BUTTER-KIST

Turn lazy inches to profits

With This New Butter-Kist Machine—Earns Profits in 5 Ways

NOW YOU can make from $400 to $1300 a year *extra* profit from 22 by 30 lazy inches of unused space.

The handsome Money-Maker model of the famous Butter-Kist Popcorn machines turns dimes into dollars at an astonishing rate. It pops, displays and sells 20 ten-cent cartons of delicious, hot Butter-Kist popcorn every hour. Practically without attention! That is $2.00 an hour—your profit is 65c per dollar—or $1.30. At the same time it displays and sells roasted peanuts, salted peanuts, gum and packaged mints. *These are extra profits. Five sources of profit!*

Sales are easy because Butter-Kist popcorn is good for every human being over four years of age. Excels all cereals in digestible nutrients. High in food values. A sure, moderate, healthy laxative. Natural tooth cleanser.

The Money-Maker is a smaller, less expensive brother of the big Butter-Kist machines you see everywhere. Some are earning as much as $6,000 a year. The Money-Maker costs only a third as much as larger models. Sold only to established merchants on *easy terms.* No installation expense. Simply screw plug in light socket. Your first sale instantly. Thousands thereafter.

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"We have had a Butter-Kist Machine for eight years. It's the best paying department in our store. Our receipts are around $50.00 per week."

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Listerine Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available . . . While we frankly admit that *no* tablet or candy lozenge can deodorize the breath, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations.

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* * *

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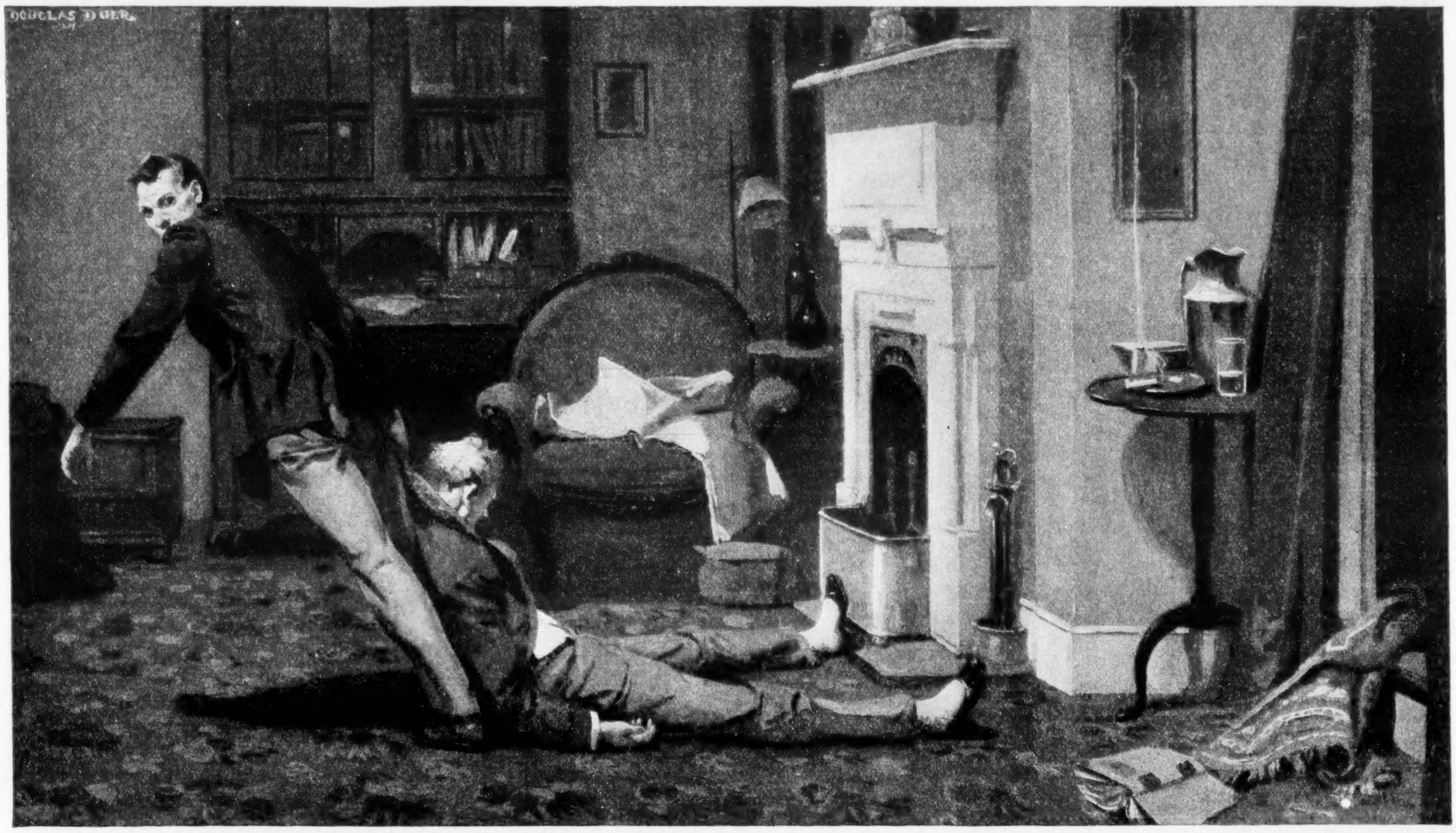


There followed an interval of panic, then an eternity in which he labored with the terrible patience his task demanded

His Own Petard

By Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

THE fact that Jeffrey Mallow was missing, that he had between nine-twenty in the evening and seven the next morning disappeared as completely as though he had never existed, had been reported to the police some weeks before; the mystery had run its course in the newspaper headlines, dying for lack of new developments to keep its flame alive. Walder, who had covered every big murder case in the last dozen years for the "Tribune," had just about come to the conclusion that Mallow was forgotten. Then one morning in June the furnace man discovered Mallow's false teeth in the ash pit, the medical examiner decided that Mallow had been murdered, and Walder was assigned to cover the story for his paper.

This disturbed Walder because it was he who had murdered Mallow.

Walder was not at all the conventional figure suggested by the term "star reporter." In fact, no one had ever applied such a title to him, nor did he ever think of himself in that way. He was not large and urbane, or small and aggressive, or dashing and alert. He was, in fact, a man about forty-five years old, rather less than the average in height, with a large nose that seemed to grow larger toward the point and a chin which faded away below. His forehead shrank back timidly beneath a thatch of wirelike black hair. In the "Tribune" office he ordinarily wore a green eyeshade, and this had pushed his hair upward so that even when the shade was not in place, his hair stuck stiffly forward. His complexion was rather poor, and he had a spot like a mole upon his left temple, just back of the eye, in which three or four dark hairs grew.

He walked in a curious fashion, half shamble, half swagger, his whole body pivoting a little on the hips, twisting from side to side with the swing of his arms, and his dress was usually almost shabby. But he was one of those men who are born to the newspaper game; he knew what question to ask, and how to read the answer between the lines; how to cajole or provoke an unwilling subject into injudicious revelations; how to hide his own exultation when the revelation had been made; and he knew, finally, how to build the resultant story most effectively, from succinct and graphic opening paragraph to the innocuous and desultory conclusion which may be chopped off by a hurrying make-up man without destroying the cohesion of the whole. In other words, he could get the stuff and he could write it, and such men are valuable to the papers they serve. In no sense was he a distinctive figure. If he had been a little less shabby, he would have been completely inconspicuous.

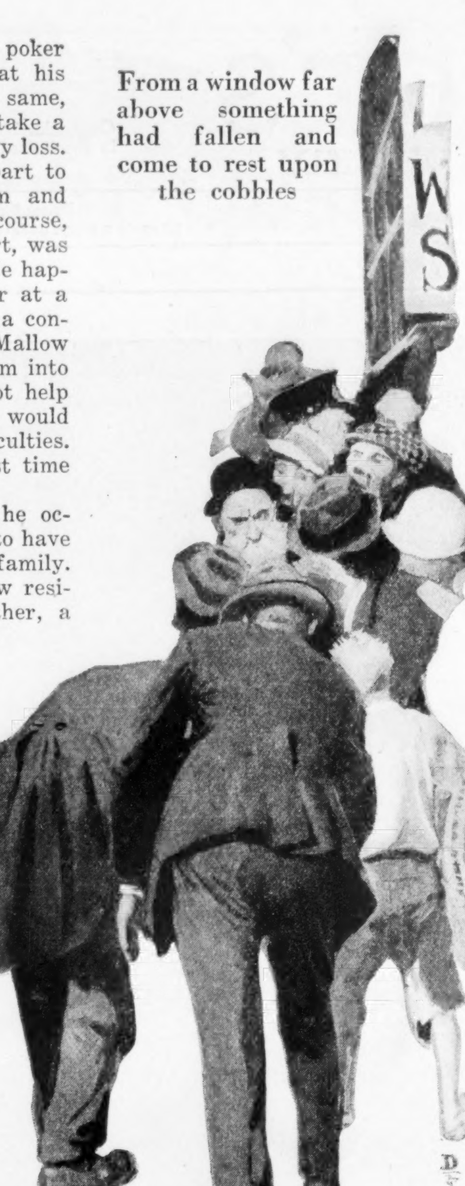
Inspector Peake used to say afterward, in somewhat pompous fashion, that he had always thought Walder had the murderer's eye, but the inspector had the very human failing of being wise after the event. Certainly no one else had ever thought of Walder as a dangerous man; he was no more fearful a figure than the office cat.

The fact that his salary was known to be large—as newspaper salaries go—taken in conjunction with his familiar shabbiness of dress and his abstemious habits made it sufficiently clear to the observant eye that he had a family to support. The background of his life, guessed at, was never investigated until afterward. Then such a record of weary illness and inevitable death was revealed that it seemed incredible Walder's weak shoulders could have borne so stout a load. Mrs. Walder said afterward that her husband was for weeks at a time a figure of strength and courage at home; that he—who was usually rather silent about the office—had a knack for saying an amusing thing; that he smiled readily, that they were always glad to see him come home in the late afternoon, because they were sure that, no matter how badly the day had gone, it would go better upon his coming. She admitted, however, that at intervals of weeks, Walder himself seemed to collapse; that abruptly and without warning, after a period of unusually heavy worry or care, he would at the least provocation flame into a singularly venomous and aimless rage. "But afterwards, in just a little while," she said, "he'd break down and cry in my arms like a baby."

She was a strong woman; she had endured the strain; had seen first one child and then the other die. Walder's mother, who lived with them, also died, about the time of Mallow's murder, and Mrs. Walder seemed to those who talked with her to be facing the future with a courage and a pride that promised well.

The pitiable aspect of the whole affair was that Walder had always been too proud or too diffident to confess his difficulties to the men in the office. Any one of them would have helped him; and a little help at the right time would have saved him from Mallow.

MALLOW was a man as well dead. He was one of those persons who are known to be wealthy, yet about whose wealth ugly whispers cling. It was a matter of newspaper rumor, one of those tales which run through the offices without ever seeing the light of print, that he had been associated with a group of blackmailers who operated on a large scale some dozen years before. One or two of them had gone to jail, but Mallow had not been brought to trial. Everyone knew him and he knew everyone. He belonged to all the clubs which were easy of entrance, played bridge or poker with such consistent success that his companions were seldom long the same, and was known to be ready to take a note instead of payment of a heavy loss. It was this willingness on his part to lend money which brought him and Walder together. Walder, of course, with three sick kinfolk to support, was continually in need of money. He happened to be one day a spectator at a poker game when Mallow made a considerable winning; and while Mallow folded the checks and tucked them into his pocketbook, Walder could not help thinking that even one of them would relieve him of his present difficulties. He went that night for the first time to Mallow's house.



From a window far above something had fallen and come to rest upon the cobbles

Mallow was a bachelor, but he occupied a house sufficiently large to have accommodated a considerable family. It was one of those high, narrow residences which are packed together, a single wall dividing one from another, along so many city streets. It faced a thoroughfare where the traffic was heavy, and in the rear there was a small walled garden with a high terrace of masonry which overlooked the river. This river, curbed by stone embankments in a wide basin, ringed with promenades, and set with lights like jewels strung along the shores and across the bridges, was at night a lovely place, and Mallow liked to dine on the terrace so that he might look out across the scene. The house itself was his hobby. He spent a great deal of money in furnishing and embellishing it. The appointments were perfection. The table which he set had a reputation among his intimates, and those who attended the dinners which he occasionally gave formed a sort of freemasonry. To have been Mallow's guest and to meet another man who had also dined there was to meet at once upon common ground. That there was something furtive about this bond did not lessen its force.

IT WAS one of Mallow's whims that there should be to his house three entrances. One was beneath the high stoop. This door opened into a small, square hall paneled in walnut, with an automatic elevator at one side. Mallow himself habitually came in by this door, and took the elevator to one of the upper floors. There were five floors in the house. The servants, a valet, a butler, and a man who served as cook and steward, lived on the topmost, and had their own elevator from the service quarters in the rear of the lower floor. The furnace-room, laundry, and coal bins occupied the forward part of this lower floor.

Of the three intermediate stories, the lowermost, that which was entered directly from the door at the head of the stoop, was divided into two rooms, dining-hall and living-room. On the floor above was Mallow's library, his private sitting-room, and a card room. His sleeping quarters were on the fourth floor of the house. The third entrance, of which mention has been made, was by way of the garden in the rear and by a single narrow stair leading to his library on the third floor. If a person came to see Mallow on business, he used this way; if he came as a guest, he entered by the front door; if he came even more intimately, Mallow himself usually admitted him to the small hall beneath the stoop, and so to the elevator.

Walder did not know these things, so on his first visit to Mallow's house he rang the bell at the front door. The butler opened the door, looked at him with cold attention, and asked his business. Walder, after a moment's hesitation, told the man to say that he was a reporter from the "Tribune"; and Mallow, who never neglected an opportunity to make new contacts with the newspaper world, directed that he be admitted. Walder came frankly to the point. He said he wished to borrow money, explained the circumstances, and found his further apologetic words cut off by Mallow's hearty assent to his request.

"I want to pay interest on this, of course," Walder explained.

But Mallow waved the suggestion aside. "Glad to accommodate you," he replied. "Pay it back when you can."

Walder expected to be able to do so. The future always seemed to promise easier times for him. But at the end of three or four months the fact that he could not pay weighed upon his mind to such an extent that he went to Mallow with apologies. Mallow told him not to worry, that the matter was of small account.

"I'd feel better," Walder urged, "if we'd put this on a business basis. Let me pay interest or something."

Mallow's persistent refusal sent him away half reassured. But toward the end of the year he found himself again in need of money; and when he went to Mallow again, it was with his mind made up that Mallow must let him sign a note, for the old loan and the new one. Mallow agreed; fixed, as he said, a nominal interest. "You can pay it by the month," he suggested. "That will make you feel better, and it won't burden you any."

Thereafter the affair had run its natural course. At the end of two or three years, Walder footed up his accounts and found that in return for loans totaling nine hundred dollars he had already paid Mallow over twelve hundred, and owed him on notes, duly signed, rather more than the amount of the original loans. . . .

FRAME, the city editor, beckoned Walder as soon as he came into the office that morning. Walder had read the morning paper on the train; knew that the mystery of Mallow's disappearance had become the mystery of Mallow's murder. Yet he had not prepared himself to hear what Frame had to say. Frame, a small, scrubby-haired, voluble young man, thrust a handful of clippings toward Walder and asked excitedly: "See these?"

"I read the 'Star's' story," Walder replied.

"I've been looking for this," Frame declared. "There were a lot of people with reasons for killing him. When a man like that disappears, you can usually figure he's gone for good. We can turn ourselves loose now. Print a lot of stuff that we couldn't use as long as he might turn up alive. Can't libel a dead man. This is the biggest story in ten years. I've got Pratt and Jonas out there with the police and they'll cover us, but I want you to get on the story and stay there."

Walder fumbled the clippings, trying to keep his fingers from trembling. "What do you want?" he asked uncertainly.

"What do I want?" Frame repeated. "I want everything there is. You know what I want as well as I do. How he was killed. Who did it. Why. All the dope you can dig up on him. I'm having Rouse write an obit out of the clippings and the stuff he knows. We're going to fill the paper with this, Walder. You don't have to report unless you've got something. But we ought to have three or four columns from you every day. Or six or eight. I'll take all you can get. You can get at the insides of it if anybody can."

Walder was stifling. It was early June; a warm, moist day. He thought the windows ought to be open. "Well, I'll go out there," he replied and wiped his forehead. "I'll go on out."

"Call me up," Frame directed. "Go to it."

Walder, out in the sun-drenched street, decided that he would walk. There was no easy way to approach Mallow's house by street car, and a taxicab would get him there too quickly. He felt that he was not ready to face the policemen and the other reporters who would be there. His knees were weak, his face felt drawn and pale, and his cheeks twitched. While he walked up the street he watched the faces of those he met, to see whether they seemed to remark anything extraordinary in his appearance. At the corner he stopped at a soda fountain, where the cool blast from the fans dried his brow, and drank a lemon and lime, in slow sips, watching the rim of the glass to see how much his hand trembled, studying his own countenance in the mirror behind the counter. He was almost startled to see that he looked as he always did. The face which stared back at him was the face which looked out from his mirror every morning, unchanged, masklike, as though it would conceal even from his own eyes the inner turmoil which tormented him. With faint and grim amusement he thought how completely this face of his must deceive others since it so nearly deceived himself, and he experimented with different expressions—sorrow, gloom, anger, surprise—watching the play of his features, till he noticed that the clerk was amused. Walder fled from the clerk's amusement. He must avoid attracting attention to himself now.

As he walked through the park he permitted his thoughts to dwell on the night he had killed Mallow. He went over every detail, seeking to discover whether in any respect he had erred, whether he had left any trace or hint that might point suspicion to himself. He had gone to the house without telephoning in advance, so that not even Mallow had known he was coming. In response to his bell Mallow had clicked the latch on the garden gate and again on the door at the foot of the little stair; not till Walder reached the library itself could Mallow have known who he was. Thereafter they had not been disturbed. It was then about ten o'clock, he remembered; and he and Mallow had talked together for half an hour at least. Walder winced faintly with shame to think how in his pleadings he had abased himself before the man; found grim satisfaction in the knowledge that he had wiped out that shame with a blow at the end, when his anger flamed, the heavy base of the telephone instrument crushingly obliterating the smooth bald spot on the top of Mallow's head! The receiver had fallen from the instrument, and Walder remembered how, with his heart pounding, he had listened for a moment to the voice of the operator, before he replaced the receiver. He had been trembling with one of those sudden and venomous furies, and Mallow lay crumpled forward upon his desk.

It uttered a gluttonous cry

There had followed an interval of panic. Then the memory of a murder case he had covered years before prompted his course; and then came an eternity mercifully blotted out of his memory—an (*Continued on page 28*)

My Friend Babe Ruth

By Arthur Robinson

Did You Know That Babe Ruth—

Was told by Miller Huggins, the manager of the Yanks, a year ago last April that he was slipping as a ball player and was headed for the graveyard of the has-beens?

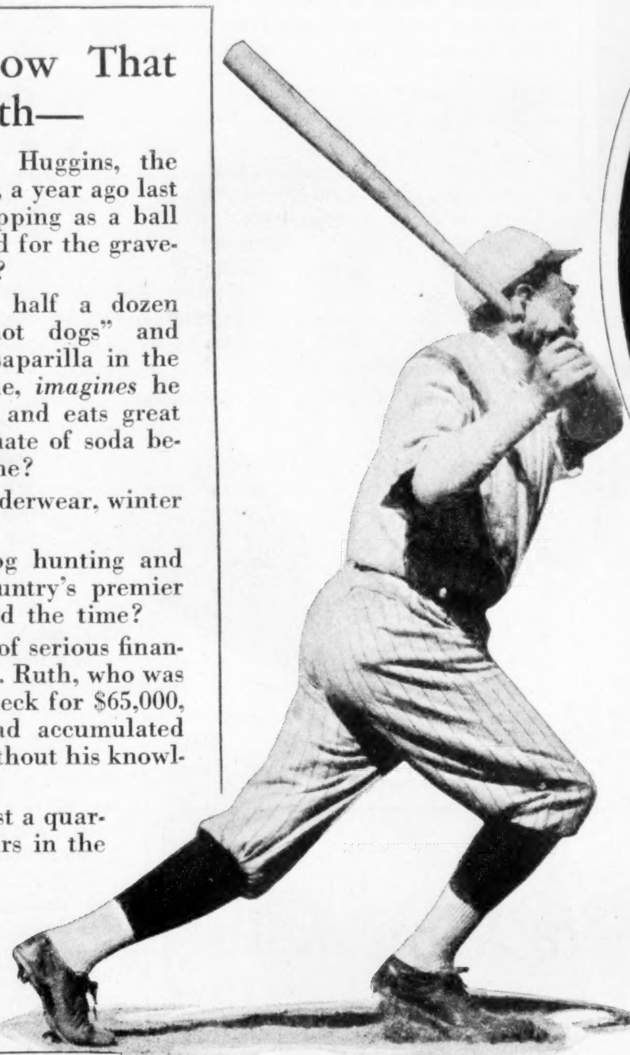
Sometimes consumes half a dozen mustard-drenched "hot dogs" and several bottles of sarsaparilla in the course of a ball game, *imagines* he has stomach trouble, and eats great quantities of bicarbonate of soda before almost every game?

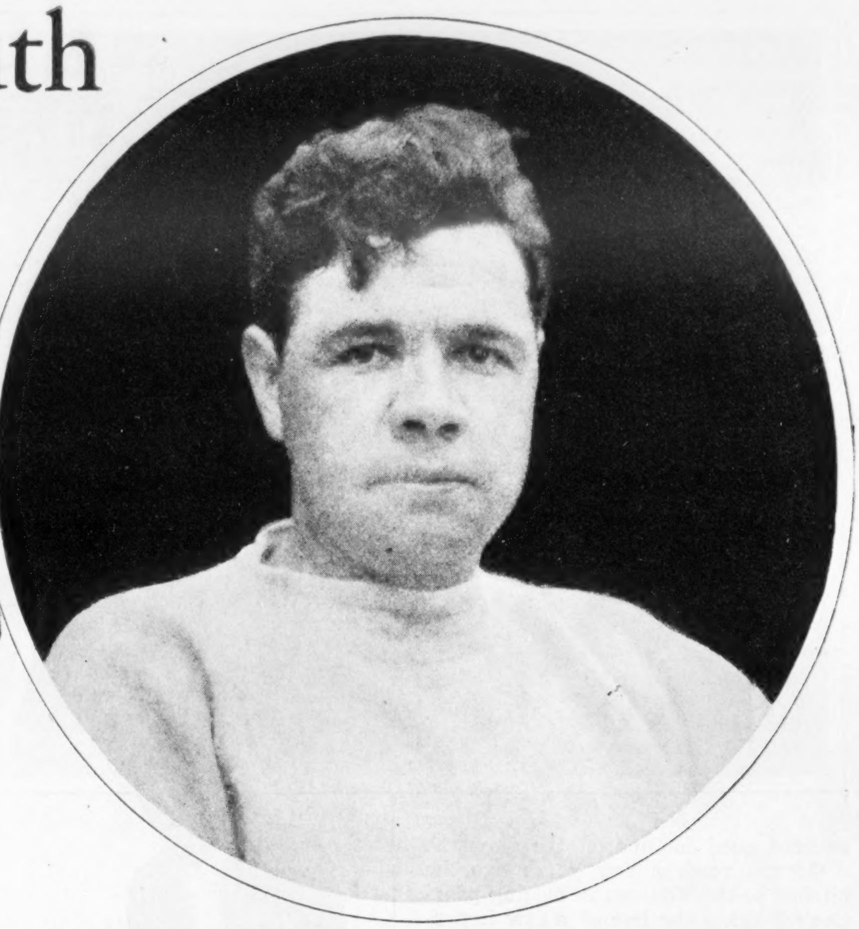
Does not wear any underwear, winter or summer?

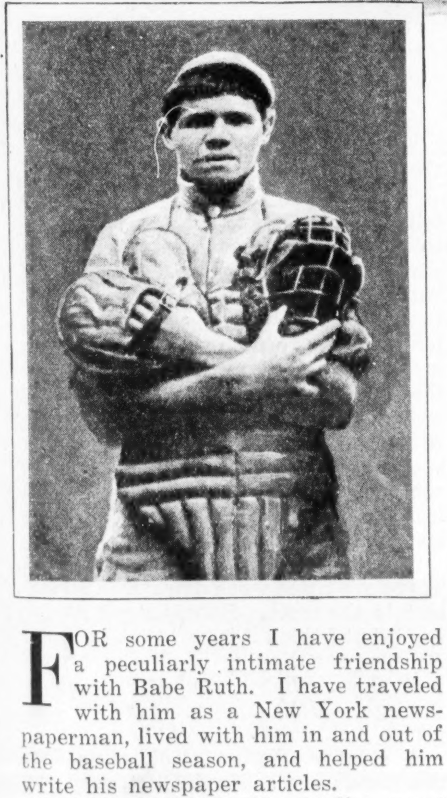
Has a mania for frog hunting and could become the country's premier frog catcher if he had the time?

Was once helped out of serious financial difficulties by Mrs. Ruth, who was able to write out a check for $65,000, a sum which she had accumulated pin-money fashion without his knowledge?

Made and spent almost a quarter of a million dollars in the year following his home-run record performance?







The young man with the mitt and mask and the serious expression is Babe Ruth as he appeared when he was a member of the St. Mary's Industrial School team in Baltimore—years before you ever heard of him. The picture has never been published before. In those ancient days our young hopeful was a fairly good catcher

FOR some years I have enjoyed a peculiarly intimate friendship with Babe Ruth. I have traveled with him as a New York newspaperman, lived with him in and out of the baseball season, and helped him write his newspaper articles.

We have developed, totally apart from business relations, a friendship which has thrown us together in a sort of Boswell-Johnson capacity. We have been trainmates and playmates on trips around the big circuit, in the baseball hinterland, and in the obscurity of private life.

To the alternately idolatrous and jeering millions who have watched this modern Beowulf at bat, driving out his great smashes, it may have appeared that he was just a thick-skinned ball player, schooled to deafness on the field.

The skin of my friend Babe Ruth is not thick. I have seen hundreds of men, women, and hero-worshiping boys get under it. Like me, they discovered that Ruth, in the raw, is as likable as a human being as he is interesting and fascinating as a ball player and psychological study.

For ten years I have done widely diversified newspaper work in New York, meeting all kinds of characters in and out of sport, on and off Broadway, around and about the country, but never have I met one who has sustained my interest from day to day and year to year as has Babe Ruth.

He has very few secrets from me. And knowing all his faults I am genuinely helpless in my affection for him. In short, I like him and often apologize for him; at other times, it is impossible even to apologize. He is a human being apart from all others of the species. He is more than unique; he is really a phenomenon. And I like him.

What manner of man is that Gargantuan sporting character that only two or three people really know?

Wherein do his private life and private mannerisms, habits, and customs differ from the public impression?

How does he look and act and sum up under the X-ray of close and constant scrutiny?

Mrs. Ruth calls him George, and it is of George Ruth, mainly, that I write—the Ruth that neither the public, nor the newspapermen, nor even his fellow players know.

He has a gruff manner about him. He deals profusely in horse-play. He is something of a physical clown—a good-natured personification of Brute Force. But he is ever so gentle and tender, too. I have seen him in a boxing match with Mrs. Ruth in the room of a Boston hotel at which only one other person and myself were spectators—a match in which he allowed himself to be decisively outpointed and slightly wounded. I have also seen him wrestled to the floor by his blond-haired three-year-old daughter, Dorothy. I myself have tapped him on the head with a golf club without any serious aftermath.

But just as he is a success even when he fails on the baseball field—that is, a sensation and a source of dramatic interest even when he strikes out—so is he equally interesting in Pullman trains and in hotels on the road.

Often he travels with a little portable phonograph and gives concerts in the baggage-rooms of some wayside railroad station while waiting for a train. At such times he will sing bass in a quartet and do quite well indeed with his favorite song, "My Darling Lou," and not so well with others. He has a special fondness for the ukulele and likes to dance. He plays bridge, stud poker, and draw poker the way he hits a baseball—wildly, freely, forcefully; and more often than not he loses.

And How He Does Eat!

HE EATS as very few men can. He eats often—probably on an average of ten times a day. Railroad engines consume an enormous amount of fuel. So does he, and it is a wonder that he manages to survive the amount and sort of food he eats.

He is a little temperamental. He has a deep, abiding suspicion that he always suffers from stomach trouble. Before almost every game he complains to the club trainer about this and then devours huge quantities of bicarbonate of soda. I don't believe there is another human being alive in all the world who has actually eaten so much soda or chewed so much tobacco as Ruth.

He reads very little but is amazingly well informed on baseball statistics. Of all the big-league players I know I don't think there is a one who makes a keener analysis of the records and statistics. And I know of no player who is so fundamentally well-liked by his team-mates or is so genuinely considerate of them.

He does not wear underwear, winter or summer. One of his favorite diversions is bull-frog hunting at night, with lights attached to the front sights of the rifles. He is immaculately groomed and always has his barbering done in his hotel room. He is manicured frequently and pays high for everything. A Texas barber once charged him $1.80 for a shave and a few hot towels.

And, as you might expect, he is superstitious. Hendrik Van Loon, author of "The Story of Mankind" and "The Story of the Bible," gave him a silver dollar two years ago—the day he dedicated the Yankee Stadium by making a home run—and for a long time the Babe carried the coin with him.

He does more autographing of souvenirs than probably the ten most prominent movie stars combined. He gets an enormous number of letters from fans all over the country, and no "celebrity" ever received such queer requests —from get-rich-quick promoters, from charitable organizations, from strangers who want to share in the riches they attribute to him, and from clubs, schools, and churches—asking him to assist in various functions, or possibly make a little speech. Incidentally, the Babe is an astonishingly good after-dinner talker. He has perfect poise and presence and a free flow of talk.

Consider his superstitions. The sight of a yellow or white butterfly on the field of play will either terrify him with bodings of ill luck or exalt him to a plane of ineffable anticipation of self-

CAMP DEVEN
CAMP KNOX
CAMP CUSTE
CAMP MEADE
FORT SCOTT
CAMP CAMP DEL MONTE
FORT SAM HOU
FORT BRAG

Between times he signs bats and balls which young athletes ardently desire. The upper picture was taken while Arthur Robinson, who wrote this article, and the Klout King were having a talk at the Yankee Stadium. Mrs. Ruth and Dorothy Ruth (with her favorite toy) appear in the circle. To the left we see the Babe as he looked when he was with the Red Sox, before he ascended the throne

assured good fortune on the diamond.

On the road, a few years ago, he pitched to the Yankees in batting practice following the loss of a few important games, and that day the Yankees, then engaged in the thick of a pennant fight, won. The next day and every day thereafter until the Yankees lost again he pitched to the players in batting practice because he was convinced it was lucky.

When they lost he tried warming up the pitcher before the game—for luck—and found that successful. He kept on warming up the pitchers until the Yanks again lost, and then he tried hitting fungoes to the outfield. When all other expedients failed he went out on the coaching lines.

These are his special superstitions; but with Miller Huggins, the Yankee manager, he shares another. If the team wins he returns to the hotel and goes through the same door he used on his way out. If it loses he tries another door. And in common with most ball players he believes that a load of empty barrels, seen on the way to the ball park, is a sign of certain victory.

He rarely answers letters but sometimes the thoughts of his correspondents stick out in his mind. Fans tell him he has a wrong stance or a right stance or a bad swing for a curve ball. "I guess," he says, "that most of the baseball scientists sit in the bleachers."

He is solicited by vaudeville agents, who offer attractive tours on little time and big; by committees of fraternal organizations who want him to appear on the coast in exhibition games. To these requests Ruth turns the cold ear of a business man. He'd be foolish if he didn't. An athlete's financially productive life is short.

But there are innumerable requests to which the Babe does not turn a cold, businesslike ear. They come in shoals. Daily, when the team is at home, Christy Walsh, who syndicates his newspaper articles, carries to the Yankee Stadium loads of balls and bats—all for the bold and legible signature of the recognized Sultan of Swat. Out in Los Angeles there is a high-school league. It means something in the lives of the winning team if each member receives as a trophy of victory a bat signed by Babe Ruth.

In Indiana the Knights of Columbus, of which the Babe is a member, are building a school for delinquent boys. Baseballs signed by the Home Run King can be sold to advantage for the home. In Nebraska the Elks, and in Oklahoma the Masons, have similar charities, and balls and bats similarly signed have added market value. Or a ladies' organization desires him to attend a bazaar in some town where he is scheduled to play, and will he make a talk and sign souvenir programs? He will and does, gladly. By mid-July, this year, Ruth had signed eleven hundred bats and about three times that number of balls.

Newspaper editors throughout the country use him and his name to stimulate circulation and attract interest to their papers. It is advertised that on such and such a day at a certain time the Babe will throw several dozen autographed baseballs out of a window in the offices of a newspaper, and long before the appointed hour the streets are jammed with thousands of boys and grown-ups eager and ready to scramble for the balls.

Baseball leagues for boys bearing his name are organized by newspapers. Some youngsters in a hospital would like to see and meet the Babe in the flesh; newspapers arrange that, and the Babe is happy to oblige.

And what is the significance of all this? It's this: Babe Ruth to-day is a milestone in the progress of American life—yea, even a vital economic and social force and factor. The Yankee Stadium cost several millions and is appropriately called, "The House That Ruth Built." He has drawn more people to baseball than any player in the history of the game. Everywhere larger ball parks have been built simply because of the interest he has attracted to the game. And baseball salaries have gone up because of him.

No sporting figure has ever received the publicity he has. He is before the public, as a player, one hundred and fifty-four days a year. But there are some stories concerning him that have never been told. The one which follows, told here for the first time, involves the most dramatic moment I have ever shared with the Babe.

It was somewhere in Texas, on the special train in which the Yankees were making their spring training trip north from New Orleans, playing exhibition games en route.

My friend the Babe was suffering from an attack of "The Misery" which was critically and alarmingly acute. "The Misery" is peculiarly a baseball disease. It is a compound of all the ailments known to the ball player. It includes a long and concerous batting slump and general debility. In short, it is a Terrible Thing.

Physically the Babe was in better shape than he had ever been. He had spent the winter on his farm at Sudbury, Mass., chopping wood, building hen-houses, hunting and plowing through miles of snow-covered roads. He had gone back to nature and to wide open spaces to reform and to forget and live down his colossal failure in the world series against the Giants in '22; and he reported for training at New Orleans weighing only 200 pounds—a weight which presumably attuned his tremendous hulk to the celebrated "pink of condition."

The newspaper correspondents with the Yankees said he would have his greatest year. Then The Misery attacked him, feeding at first upon the memory of his failure in the world series and then gnawing at his inability of the moment to hit a baseball with anything approximating his former violence and consistency.

Day after day the Babe went without making a hit; a week passed and he made no homers. Another week of pitiful effort. The king—the Home Run King—was tottering on his throne.

He brooded almost insanely. Huggins diagnosed his condition and case over and over again, and finally arrived at a decision in his drawing-room on the special train in which we were touring the South and Southwest.

The Babe, Huggins, and myself were the only ones in the room.

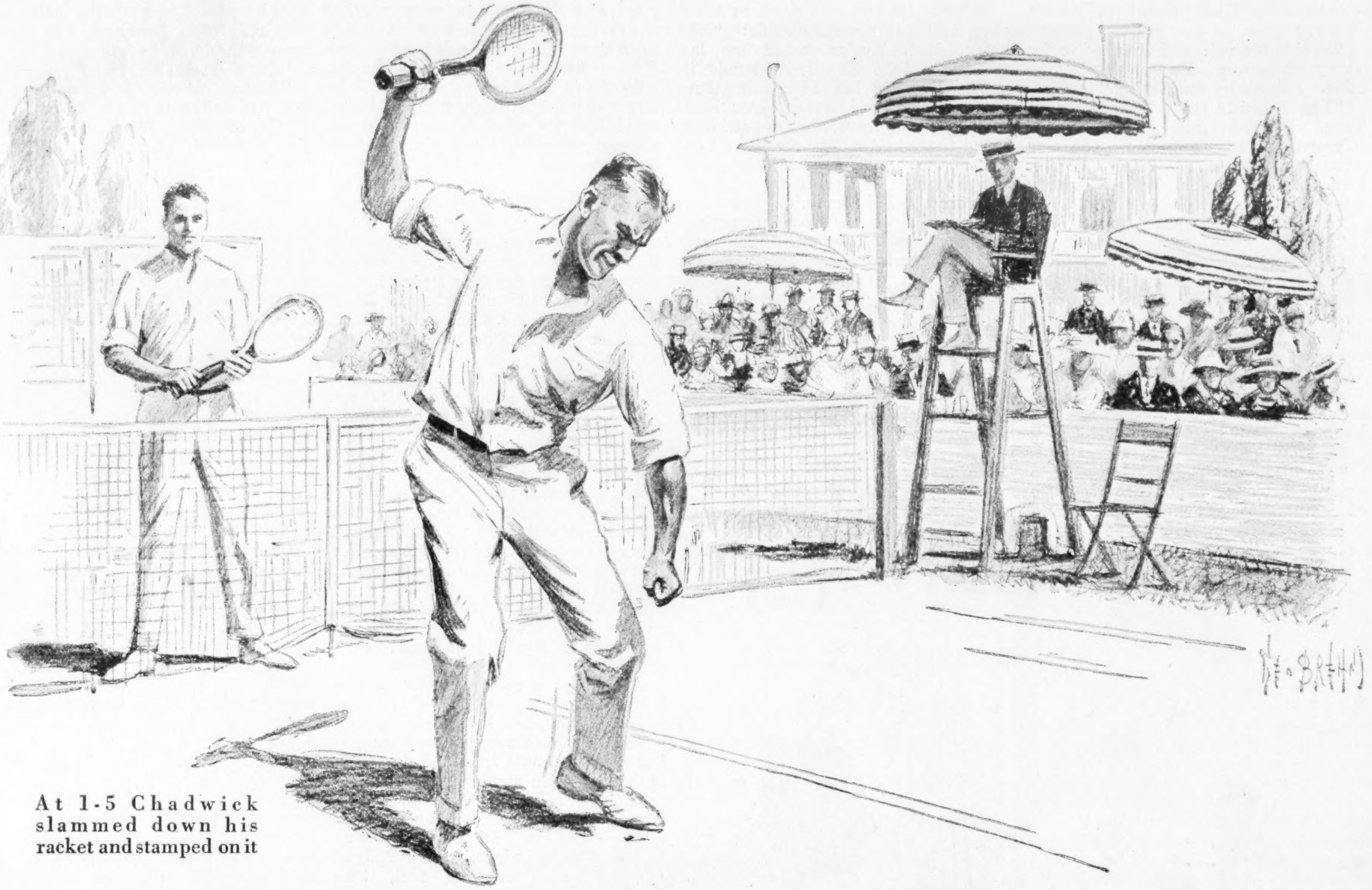
"Babe," said Huggins, "I want to tell you something. I think you ought to know. I have been in baseball for more than twenty years. I have seen ball players come and go. No man lasts forever. This slump you have been having is no ordinary thing. I have been trying to figure out just what is the matter with you. Apparently you swing the bat the way you used to. Apparently nothing is the matter with your eyes. Physically you're in great shape. But for a month you have looked worse than the bushiest bush-leaguer in the outfit.

"The symptoms are all familiar. There are times when dying men should be told the truth. Babe, I don't like to say it but I think it is best that I should. Babe, you're slipping! You've seen your best days. Babe, you're just about through. Make up your mind to it—you're just about *through!*"

A strange, fugitive look came into the Babe's eyes. He did not gasp but his huge body stiffened almost imperceptibly at the shock. He glanced incisively at Huggins. Then, almost savagely he growled, "Hug, you're crazy!"

But the manner in which he spoke indicated he believed that Huggins *might* be right. For several minutes he sat there silently, staring out of the window into the dark shadows of night, alternately puffing on a cigar that was not lit and chewing tobacco.

Huggins said (*Continued on page 28*)



At 1-5 Chadwick slammed down his racket and stamped on it

A Gentleman's Game

By Harry Esty Dounce

Illustrated by George Brehm

WHAT was the matter with Chadwick that day at the Dunesdale Invitation?

The public that reads the tennis news never learned that anything was, and probably most readers under thirty would have taken small interest in a full account of it. The time since Chadwick flourished is so long, in tennis annals, that even the champions are pretty much forgotten. And he wasn't one, although he was once spare man on a Davis Cup team.

Among the younger players there was no great interest either. It was the older crowd, the real veterans, who were thunderstruck, and among whom Ned Wynant did his impromptu explaining. They would as soon have expected to see Jerry Chadwick commit hara-kiri as to witness what those of them present at Dunesdale had.

Wynant had plausible-sounding explanations. He had too many. He could mention Jerry's war record and hint at the mysteries of shell shock. He could mention the hard times and hint that Jerry was worried. Or he could allude to the sorrowful romance of Jerry's youth, and hint that it had revived and Mrs. Rennell had again been cruel.

To everyone he confided that since early in the spring he had suspected that Jerry had something on his mind. Such basis of truth as the confidence had was this:

There is a club that is called the Valhalla, or might be, because on its courts the chosen warriors of twenty and thirty years ago still have battles to regulate their waist lines. One afternoon in May Week three of them were waiting for a fourth when Chadwick drove in dressed to play.

They were delighted. Their efforts to get him out had long been vain. They told him, as people usually did, how young he looked. He was somewhat younger than they were, but with very few touches of hair dye he could have passed at ten yards for the Jerry of 1912—or of 1902.

HIS good looks were markedly juvenile, a nice boy's to whom nothing had happened, and to-day, to the wonder of Wynant, his best friend, his manner matched them. The Chadwicks do not show exuberance. Their surface is rather statuesque, and in his case of late years weariness had tinged it. Yet here he was, positively radiating an interest in life that made Wynant get closer to him to be sure the cause was not champagne.

They said they were waiting for Bill, who didn't seem to be coming. Was he dated? No, but what he wanted was some good hard singles. "If you three—"

"You've come to the wrong place," Tom French told him, slapping himself and sighing.

"Nonsense! You're good for one set. You all are. All been playing, haven't you? If you'll take me on, I'll bet you a swimming old dinner on each set, losers to me to dine me individually. I'll play some doubles afterward."

"What horrible energy! What is its hidden meaning?"

"Hasn't any. Just want a workout."

"Sounds more like wanting to come back," said Gates. "You going to take the championship away from Tilden, Jerry?" They laughed, and he shook his head, smiling. "Are you on?"

They decided that they were, and arranged themselves in the order hardest for him, French playing him first; Gates, the chop stroke strategist, following to run him ragged; Wynant, ever the best of them, coming last. Little French started in valiantly. He had no mercy on his abdomen. But when Wynant called, as umpire, "Four-two, Mr. Chadwick leading," he dropped his racket and puffed, "And Mr. French dying—let him rest in peace!"

Gates ran Chadwick, but his long legs throve on running. He played well, had been playing, Wynant saw. At the end he was scarcely glistening, whereas Gates, who had got four games, was as badly off almost as French.

Wynant warmed up. Before serving he inquired, "Remember that fourth set at Newport, Jerry?"—referring to an Allcomers' Final they had once contested, both knowing that the winner would beat the defending champion next day. Chadwick had had match point up twice. "Yes, Neddo," he retorted, "but this time I don't lose!"

Gates, steaming in his ulster, watched with genuine pleasure. He had always liked to see them play each other. Wynant was forcing Chadwick's game's familiar backhand weakness, an inability to drive with any system down the line. By forcing it at Newport, Wynant had saved his bacon. As long as he could close in and volley, he did now; but he tired, and then he couldn't reach the ball. He wondered how Jerry's running gear was feeling, wondered urgently and anxiously what in Sam Hill he was up to with such ardor. Afterward he rode in to town with him and demanded to be told.

Chadwick wished airily to know why he must be thought to be up to anything. Wynant said that for a man who, years before, had sworn off all tennis for life, and as far as was known had kept the oath, his conduct was suspicious. Chadwick said, oh, he expected to play now and then—at the Valhalla. Wynant said he wasn't calling him a liar; but if he *had* some dream of—entering the Nationals, for instance—Wynant would wish him luck and remind him that the game had grown much faster, that Tilden and Johnston and others were faster than they themselves had ever been—

He was very serious. Chadwick was amused. "Seems to worry you."

"It does," he said. "You take things so damned hard, Jerry!"

"Will it satisfy you to tell you I'm not going to enter the Nationals?"

IT WAS all the satisfaction that Wynant could get out of him. Three weeks later, going to Forest Hills, he discovered him on a court with Padgett, a professional. Padgett, beautifully easy and steady, was plugging at Jerry's backhand. Jerry was dog-tired but was fighting.

He watched his chance, ran in, and killed a short lob. "Phew!" he burst out. "That's set, is it? Well, that's enough. Now, what do you think?" The pro came out of his towel noncommittal. "I don't rightly know what to tell you, Mr. Chadwick, about your speed. You're fast enough for me, but don't judge by me—all this teachin' and babyin' slows a man's game up."

"Much obliged to you, anyway. Will you play me a week from to-day on the same terms?"

Wynant followed him in to the

clubhouse. "What were the terms, Jerry?"

"Double his rate and twenty-five for every set he won. He won four out of nine. I think he was trying."

"Yes, I should think he might have been. But nine sets—Holy Moses!" Wynant made sure that no one was around to overhear. "Now, Gerald, come clean. If you say you're only doing that for exercise—"

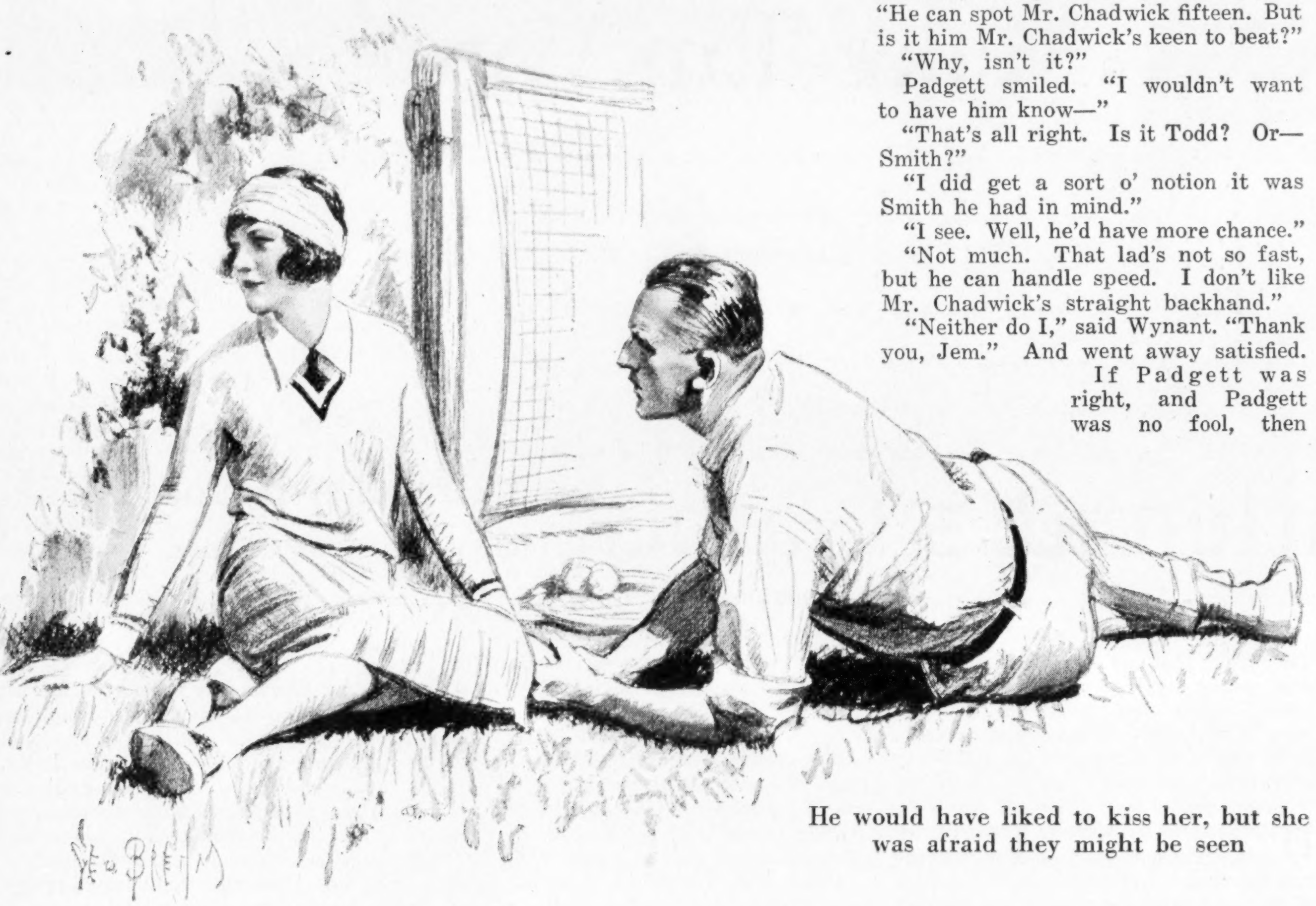
"I haven't said so, have I?"

"Well?"

Chadwick took refuge in a shower. When he turned it off Wynant persisted. "Look here, Ned," he countered, at last, "suppose I were out to beat Tilden. Do you think it would break my heart to fail?" The annoyance was bogus, but the question was pointed. Wynant took it calmly. "There's more than one way to get broken-hearted. I've seen you through a case of it."

"What's that to do with—"

"I've also seen men over forty try to come back for different reasons. Some of 'em wanted to prove they were young. Their reason was some young girl."



He would have liked to kiss her, but she was afraid they might be seen

This time annoyance was real. "Do you mean—"

"I'm merely making a general observation."

Chadwick, tall, brown, muscular, towered over him and spoke quietly. "Unless you want to be used as a mop, you'd better particularize it."

WYNANT was in no hurry. He said, "Why—not that I'm scared much, Jerry—it's come to my ears since I saw you last that you spent your time at Palm Beach and White Sulphur coaching a young player. As she's Evelyn Rennell's daughter Rosalind, this has its interest for me, and when I find you sweating blood to brush up your own tennis it occurs to me that I've heard, on good authority—"

"Go on."

"No, I don't think I will."

Chadwick's anger exhausted itself in small explosions. "She doesn't look like Evelyn! . . . Why in thunder should you think . . . If it were true, whose affair is it? . . . Can't I play a little tennis—"

Wynant let him cool down to coherence, and was rewarded with: "Now listen, Ned. Evelyn asked me last winter to take Rosalind's tennis in hand. Rosalind had been fairly keen on the game, and Evelyn—you know her—hadn't approved, but she suddenly found that she'd rather see her all out for it, working to beat Lenglen, anything, than—I suppose I can't tell you her reason. It's funny. Her reasons always are. As for Rosalind, she's a great youngster, and will play very well, does now. And that, honor bright, is that.

"My brushing up my own game hasn't the least connection with it. You know I never had my fill of tennis. McLoughlin came along and only Bill could beat him, and when Bill retired I got hopeless about my prospects and followed suit. I wish now I hadn't. I want one more tournament season.

"However, I'll add in confidence, to assuage your curiosity, that what I want most is a crack at, not Tilden or Johnston or Williams, but some of these young muckers—"

"Who?"

"Oh, Finch and Todd and Andrews and—what's his name?—Smith. Glorified bellhops that live off their 'amateur' tennis! I can't see much in tinkering the amateur rule to bar them. I'd bar them specifically and be done with it. Meanwhile, by George, I'd like to play 'em! It would make 'em awfully sick if a man of our generation were to beat 'em, especially one of those to whom they so delicately refer when they sneer about snobs and the 'gentleman's game' idea!"

Wynant stopped humming a meditative tune. "Do you know the ones you've named?"

"I don't need to."

"Well, I know two and I'm for them. Young Todd's an able citizen. He'd be earning good money if tennis had never been heard of. And Joey Smith—" Here Chadwick laughed. "All right. I won't insist. Good luck to your enterprise. Don't mind my not betting on you, will you?"

He went out with memories before him. The youthful Jerry trying, haggard and "rotten," to play matches under the strain of Evelyn Ainslee's ultimatum. The days and nights after Evelyn had broken the engagement, with Jerry clinging to him until he had wondered if healthy youth really could lose its mind in these circumstances. Especially the night of Evelyn's marriage to Slop Rennell.

HE HAD no wish to see Jerry through it again. Jerry was still a good deal of a kid whom somebody had to brother. He needed to be sure, and he overcame a reluctance to question Padgett.

He began without elaborate diplomacies. "Jem, Mr. Chadwick's set his heart on beating Finch. Do you think he can?"

Padgett, who was stringing a racket, had a reluctance of his own. "I've not played Finch, Mr. Wynant. What's your idea?"

"He'd have beaten me the day I beat Doherty in straight sets. I always managed to win from Mr. Chadwick."

Padgett secured the tense gut with his awl, straightened up and nodded. "He can spot Mr. Chadwick fifteen. But is it him Mr. Chadwick's keen to beat?"

"Why, isn't it?"

Padgett smiled. "I wouldn't want to have him know—"

"That's all right. Is it Todd? Or—Smith?"

"I did get a sort o' notion it was Smith he had in mind."

"I see. Well, he'd have more chance."

"Not much. That lad's not so fast, but he can handle speed. I don't like Mr. Chadwick's straight backhand."

"Neither do I," said Wynant. "Thank you, Jem." And went away satisfied.

If Padgett was right, and Padgett was no fool, then two and two made four. The hearsay about Rosalind Rennell that Wynant had refused to repeat to Jerry was that Rosalind was in love with Joey Smith. The question now was whether Jerry's do-or-die tennis campaign was Rosalind's mother's idea or his own. Joey would be her "funny reason" for wanting Rosalind absorbed in tennis; and she was capable of begging Jerry, not only to bring that about but to take up his own racket and drub Joey!

On the other hand, if Jerry was dreaming springtime dreams about young Rosalind, he was capable of throwing himself into the drubbing project on his own account. His notions about women were so youthful. It would be like him to believe a girl's affections could turn on a tennis match.

Wynant had seen little of Rosalind since she had grown up, but Joey was a youngster whose time in the direction of a girl he wanted would take a lot of beating. Trust it to beat Jerry's; then trust Jerry to—

Oh, damn old Jerry for a jackass, and one's self for being fond of him! Nevertheless Wynant called on Mrs. Rennell.

She came in with both hands held out to him and her pathetic smile. He inquired after Rosalind, the coming woman champion he had heard.

"From Jerry Chadwick?"

"Among others. I wonder you let her, hating tennis as you do."

"Oh, but *Ned!* That's most *unfair!*" she protested, preparing to be hurt. "In the first place, how could I stop her? And I've *never* hated *tennis!*"

He enacted the cheery, blundering old friend. "Why, wasn't it Jerry's playing it that—"

She fluttered. "Oh, *dear* no! You haven't thought *that* of me? My objection wasn't to his playing—I'd have loved to have him play—but to his doing nothing else! It was my duty to both of us to insist upon true values."

It took effort to refrain from saying, "By marrying Slop?" And she went on quickly, "I know you don't see, after that, why I—did what I did. But, Ned, I was dreadfully unhappy over Jerry, dreadfully so—and then in a weak moment, and hoping I might be—be Herbert's salvation, and also that it might be just the lesson Jerry needed—"

He kept to the purpose of his call. "If Rosalind's going to be champion, she'll have to make quite a career of it."

"I know, and I deplore it. And yet it's a lesser evil. She was—there was a frightfully persistent boy named Smith. He comes from the West; one knows nothing of his parents—"

"Why didn't you pack her off to Europe?"

"My dear Ned! Pack her generation off against its will?"

"Yes, but both playing tennis they'll be thrown together—"

"But Rosalind does nothing by halves, and she takes marriage at least very seriously. She loves and would" —here delicacy came to a crimson head—"want children. She'll either play or marry. She won't try to combine the two. Once she's devoted herself to tennis, she'll give it up for no one until she's become the best player or convinced herself she can't."

"Just like Jerry. She might be his daughter," he observed with guile, and she came into camp with, "Oh, Ned, if she only were!" He ventured, "Then there's still a chance for Jerry?"

SHE retreated from gross frankness in smiling confusion. "Well—he did something Real in the war, and," she laughed, "he's dropped his tennis—"

"Oh, haven't you heard? He's taken it up again—going to play this summer. I have an idea he's planning to beat young Smith—for Rosalind's benefit."

"Of course! He would be! Stupid of me not to have seen it! He knows that the boy's tennis is the one thing that attracts her, and that if her old Uncle Jerry were to humiliate—"

"You're sure he is her 'old Uncle Jerry,' Evelyn? He's acting very much like a man in love."

It sank in slowly. "Jerry? In love? With Rosalind?"

"Wouldn't surprise me."

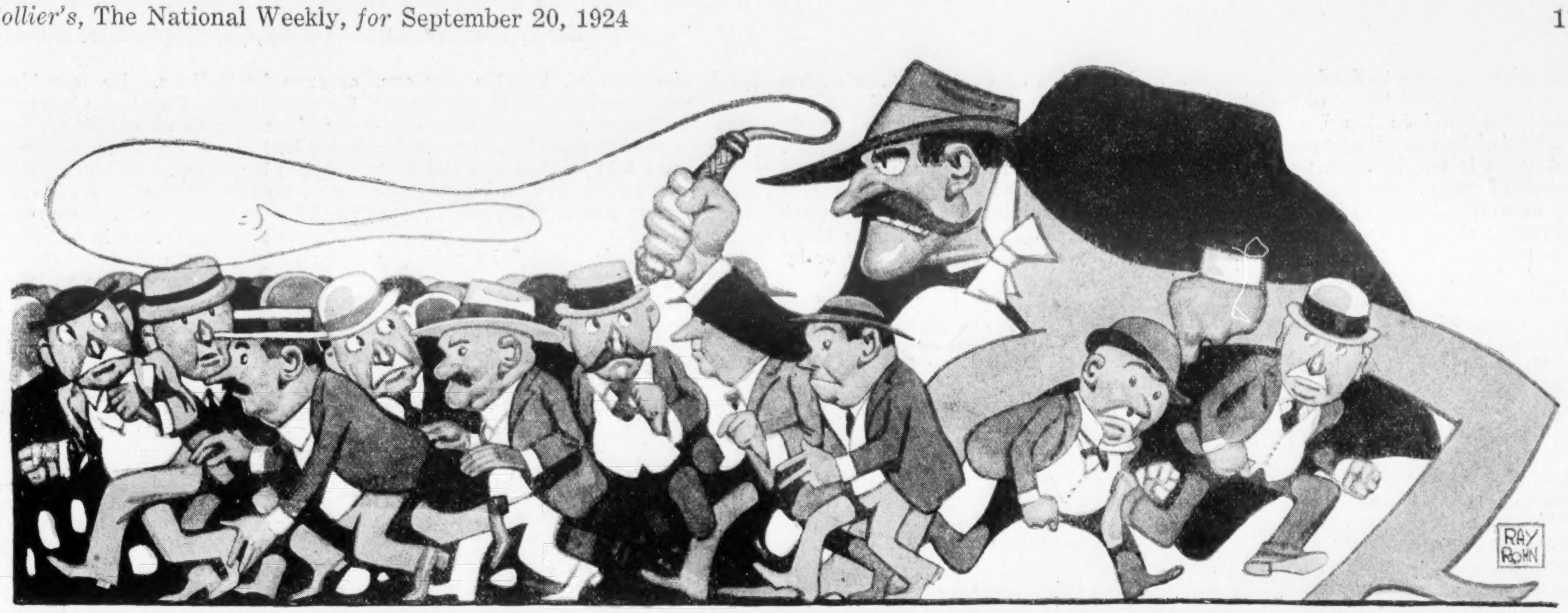
Mrs. Rennell's amusement rippled up and down the chromatic scale. "My *dear* Ned! I don't mean to be rude, but *don't* you see how preposterous that is? Why, he's—why, they're at a matinée together this afternoon!"

"I don't follow your argument," said Wynant.

"Why, she had some difference with that boy, doesn't see him any more, is a little unhappy, won't go about with her friends—and Jerry's been sweet, he's been giving her all the good times she's been having."

"Has he said that's why he's doing it?"

"As if he needed to! As if he'd imagine my (*Continued on page 33*)

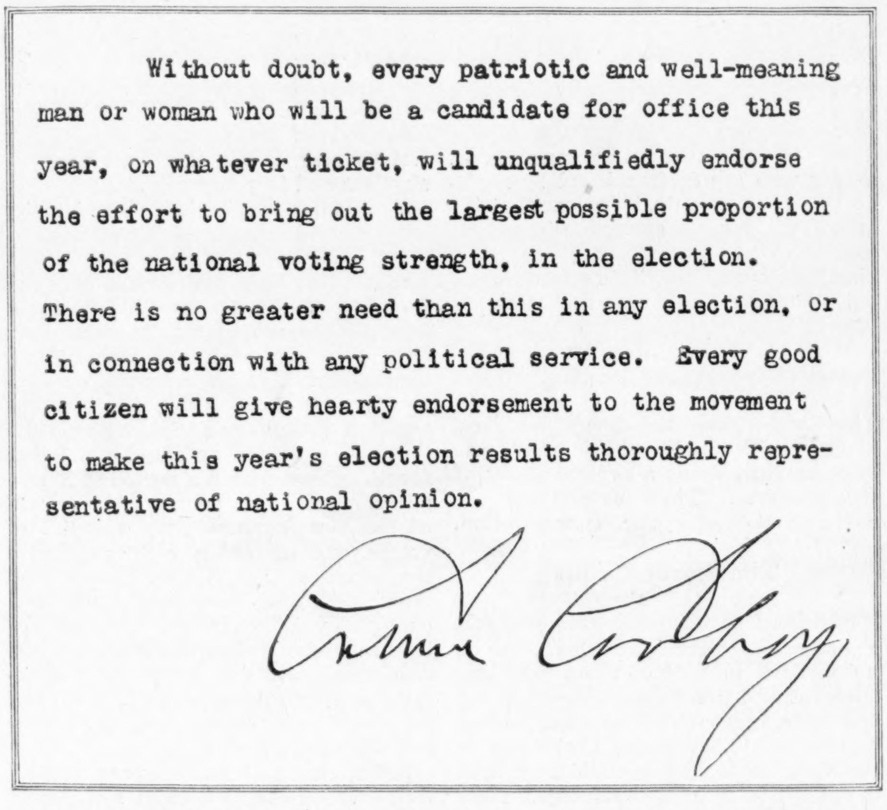


"There are not many advocates of compulsory voting in this country"

How Can We Make 'Em Vote?

By Boyden Sparkes

Illustrated by Ray Rohn



Without doubt, every patriotic and well-meaning man or woman who will be a candidate for office this year, on whatever ticket, will unqualifiedly endorse the effort to bring out the largest possible proportion of the national voting strength, in the election. There is no greater need than this in any election, or in connection with any political service. Every good citizen will give hearty endorsement to the movement to make this year's election results thoroughly representative of national opinion.

Calvin Coolidge

I FOUND a specimen nonvoter up in the South Highlands of the Hudson. He was not a rare specimen, for America, unhappily, has millions of adult citizens of his kind; but I regard him as typical.

"Why don't you vote?" I asked him after he vauntingly had proclaimed that he did not. This was on the veranda of the house where we were visiting.

"Why don't I vote?" he mocked. "You tell me why I should vote."

I looked at him. The simplest answer would have been to punch him in the nose, but this nonvoter not so many years ago was a Harvard half back, and I think rather well of my own nose. I decided to tell him politely.

"Every good citizen ought to vote."

"Is that so?" He spoke each word with exasperating slowness and then turned to look down at the gray battlements of West Point far across the river, where night was beginning to overcome the day with long lance-shaped shadows.

All day long the scarred hillside rising steep and yellow into the blue serration of the Ramapos, behind the academy, had been shaken by artillery fire. Each burst had been a lesson in the education of lithe, clean American boys dedicated to the defense of America. At the same time the hills of that littoral of the Hudson where we stood had echoed the hoofbeats of a troop of cadet cavalry engaged in a maneuver designed to illustrate an attack on a wagon train. This was simulated on the make-believe battlefield by several squads of grinning negro troopers of the regular army.

The Cadets Charge

OUT on a hike the Harvard nonvoter and I stopped on the hill crest where we encountered the black cavalrymen. We spied the column of gray riders from the academy trotting across a pasture a quarter of a mile down the slope on a course parallel to but opposite our own. Then we heard a yell, "*Left front into line!*" Now they were coming up the slope toward us. A thick four-foot green and brown wall of glacial boulders, barbed wire, and briers intervened. "*Gallop!*" The mounted cadets took that wall as easily as if they and their horses had been a troop of birds—all but one, whose mount stumbled, fell, and unseated him. On came the troop, the nostrils of the running horses flaring red with every stride, black automatic forty-fives forming harsh angles in the right hand of every rider. They drew rein just in front of us, so that when a thin, brown cavalry captain trotted a sweating, excited bay horse to a position in front of them and complained disgustedly, "too damned slow!" we discovered that we were right in an open-air class of the United States Military Academy. Then a major rode up and from his saddle began to lecture the dismounted cadets.

A horse that seemed to have been splashed with crimson paint from shoulder to nigh forefoot was shaking its head as a mute expression of the pain of its barbed-wire injury. The cadet that had been spilled rode sheepishly into line.

"In such attacks these things are a part of the cost and to be expected," the major was telling them as we resumed our hike, and we were consciously proud of our nationality as we trudged along.

So that night when my nonvoting friend held up our conversation to stare down and across at West Point I knew he was recalling the bright-colored pageant of national defense that we had seen during the day.

"Those boys over there will not be permitted to vote until they leave the army, until they are old and retired," I reminded him maliciously. "But why don't you vote?"

"Listen to me," he commanded. "I quit voting because it didn't do any good. Look at prohibition."

"You're still drinking?"

"Are you trying to kid me? Certainly."

"You think that prohibition is repugnant to the majority of the people of this country?"

"That is precisely what I think."

"Well, as a majority of the people of this country don't vote, you may be quite right about prohibition and then again you may be wrong. But you may be sure of one thing: Issues of that sort are not going to be settled on a democratic basis so long as less than half of the adult citizens of this country are expressing their views with ballots!"

"But I've never had a chance to vote against prohibition," he protested.

"So you went on a strike, eh?"

"That's it."

"A strike against your country? What would you say if those cadets across the river should go on a strike sometime when the country was at war?"

"They'd be shot as traitors."

"But what are we going to do with civilians who deliberately refuse duty? Are you more of an American, or less than a man who does vote?"

"Oh, shut up. I'm going to vote—if I don't forget to register. That is my chief trouble, really."

I am not going to let him forget. Willful nonvoters cannot make any sound argument to support their attitude, and I believe the vast majority of them would abandon it if taken to task by voting friends. In one of Jack London's stories the prize-fighter hero shouted advice from the ring that quelled a serious disturbance among angry spectators. The fighter called out asking each of those who wanted to see the fight go on to make it their business to see that their nearest neighbors sat down. It worked—in the story. It might work with nonvoting, but for a permanent cure something more is needed.

My convert said his chief trouble was registering. So it is with the majority of nonvoters.

Too Many Don't Register

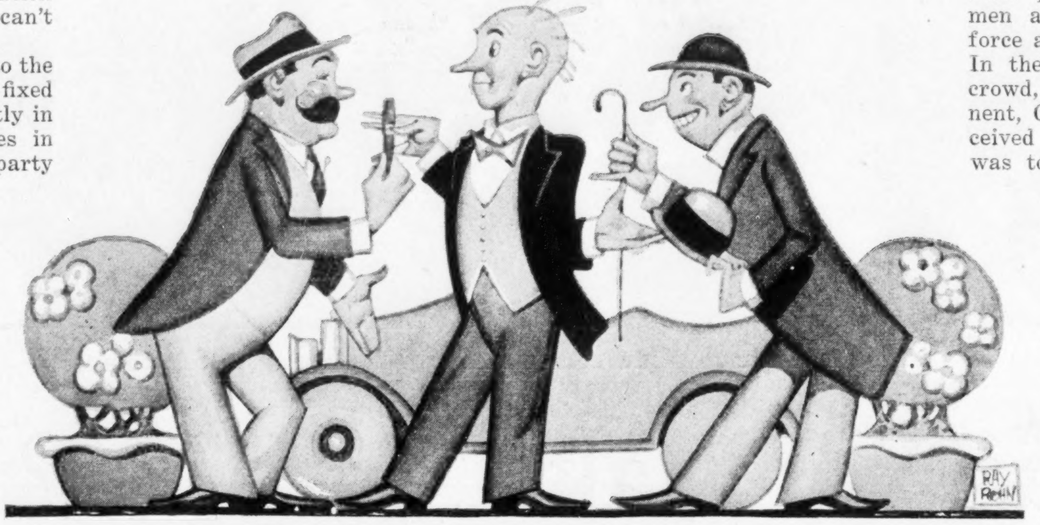
THE percentage of those who are registered but who do not vote is not impressive in the total of nonvoters. These usually have a fairly good excuse for their failure. But the total of nonvoters who are unregistered is more than impressive. It is shocking. The spot study made in Chicago by Professor Charles E. Merriam and Harold F. Gosnell showed that there were three times as many adult citizens who could not vote because they had failed to register as there were registered citizens who had failed to vote in the election which was used as the basis of their study. Three times as many will serve as a rough figure to apply to the country. Men forget to register, but they rarely forget to vote; having forgotten to register they can't vote. Clearly, the first big job is to get them to register, to give the dramatic first-page importance to the day of registration that attaches to the day of election.

Unhappily that "day" of registration does not exist in the United States, although the prevailing month for registration is October. One of the first needs of any scheme for the extinction of nonvoting is some practical plan for bringing about greater uniformity in the means of registration in the forty-eight states. Men and women should find it as difficult to forget registration as to forget Christmas, and they can't forget that.

Much of non-registration is due to the fact that the date or dates are not fixed in the minds of the voters. Recently in Washington one of the executives in the headquarters of a major party desired to learn the registration days of an important Eastern state. He telephoned to the senior senator of that state, a man whose influence has been tremendous in recent years.

"Senator," he asked, "when do the voters in your state register? Can you tell me?"

"Why certainly. Let's see now!" There were several blank moments. Then: "Give me a minute or two to ask my secretary. I can't remember the arrangement to save my life."



"If you go after them in an automobile and pat them on the back they'll vote"

The secretary could not either, and in the end the information was obtained from the secretary of the commonwealth in question. Amazingly enough I could not find even in reference libraries a compilation of these days for all the states. Neither of the big national parties had the information on file, but the big national parties are far from being as scientific in their workings as they are given credit for, which is a factor in the shameful total of nonvoting.

The vote is the voice of the people. It is the duty of every citizen to exercise his right to vote, and Collier's and every other organization engaged in the task of stirring up public interest in the getting out of the vote, by doing so performs a genuine service to the nation.

John W. Davis

When such a compilation was made it showed that there were twenty-four states which had definite registration dates; seven where no registration was required in 1924; five where voting lists were made up by registrars; four where the suffrage obligation could be fulfilled by the display of tax receipts; five which had various dates for classified cities; one state where the registration is accomplished every two years by assessors; one where re-registration was required this year, and one where there was a party registration.

Contrast this with France. There every Frenchman of six months' residence and over twenty-one years of age is a voter. The list of voters is revised every year and published by the local government. But most important, the duty of registration is laid not on the voter but on the mayor of the commune. Human nature being what it is, the surest way of getting a thorough registration in the United States would be to charge the authorities with responsibility for this listing of voters.

"The ways of controlling nonvoting," say Professor Merriam and Mr. Gosnell in their book, "Nonvoting, Causes and Methods of Control," "are as numerous as the situations that have been considered. Some of these are simple and others extraordinarily complex. The simpler situations such as congestions at the polling places and inadequate hours, are readily soluble. Somewhat more difficult problems, such as those raised by absence from the city or by lack of registration, may be dealt with successfully in the one case by greater emphasis on the possibilities of the absent voting law, and in the other by more adequate provision for registration. In view of the large number of voters who are disfranchised by registration requirements, it is clear that the whole registration system is in urgent need of overhauling with a view to such changes as may facilitate voting, without, however, opening the door to fraud."

What Professor Merriam and Mr. Gosnell have to say on the subject of cures for nonvoting is important. They are among the few Americans, among the few political scientists, who have actually made a careful study of the nonvoter. Their conclusions are well worthy of your consideration.

The Hardest Nuts

THE hardest nonvoting nuts to crack, according to them, are those who do not believe in voting, those who are ignorant and timid regarding elections, and those lazy citizens who are merely indifferent. They found that some of the disbelief in voting could be traced to opposition to woman suffrage. They expect this to die away as soon as people become accustomed to women voting. Ignorance and timidity regarding the electoral machinery, they believe, would be partly overcome by a simpler and shorter ballot and better organization of information regarding the essential issues in campaigns. They also favor a publicity campaign explaining the technique of voting.

Other recommendations by them propose the stressing of social education in the secondary schools; more careful political education of newcomers and the dramatization of the electoral privilege.

America is not alone with this problem. Democracies all over the world are suffering from it. Some of them made voting compulsory. No doubt the vote of that comic-strip character, Andy Gump, would swell amazingly if, retaining the secrecy of the Australian ballot, we forced the electorate to go to the polls. It might even come to pass that Americans would display as much cunning in escaping their obligation to vote as they have shown in violating the Volstead Act. There are not many advocates of compulsory voting in this country, but the late George W. Perkins was one. This friend and financial backer of Theodore Roosevelt in the 1912 campaign believed the persistent nonvoter should be sent to jail to teach him that voting was as much an obligation as jury duty or military service or tax paying.

"If from their youth," he said one time, "our people realized that they had to vote they would give more study to the questions upon which they were required to vote. Our vote would increase constantly in intelligence. Our nation would increase constantly in progressiveness and in prosperity."

From time to time in different states in this country bills designed to make voting compulsory have been introduced. Not long ago such a bill was considered but not passed by the legislature of Massachusetts. It would have fixed a penalty of $5 for each failure. Czecho-Slovakia has adopted compulsory voting and Belgium has had enforced voting since 1893, with results that are regarded as successful. The fourth offense within a period of fifteen years carries the penalty of removal of the voter's name from the list of voters, and the offender for ten years thereafter is ineligible for any civil office. If you were a Belgian and changed your residence between the time the list of voters was made and the time of election you would have to return to your former home to vote, but you would ride free on the government-owned railroads to do so.

Spain has had rather poor results from her efforts to compel her people to vote. Switzerland and New Zealand penalize voters for failing to exercise their suffrage and Austria is toying with the scheme, one province already having adopted it. Here in the United States, North Dakota has empowered her legislature to prescribe penalties for failure to vote—but thus far no penalties have been fixed. Australia fines non-voters $10 apiece, and began to do this after the state of Queensland by means of a compulsory voting law increased the active electorate from 75 per cent to 88 per cent of the eligible citizens.

George Washington had an unsatisfactory experience with nonvoters in 1757 when he offered himself as a candidate for burgess in an election in Frederick County, Va., but the following year he successfully employed a means of getting out the vote that would get anybody who tried it to-day into jail.

Paul Leicester Ford told about it in his book, "The True George Washington." Washington was unpopular there, in Frederick County, in spite of the fact that he had saved Winchester and the surrounding country from being overrun by Indians. He was blamed for not doing the impossible in preventing the massacre of outlying inhabitants; he had commandeered horses and wagons; but, worst of all, in a political sense, he had angered the saloon element by complaining to the governor that the tippling houses in Winchester were keeping his soldiers incessantly drunk and unfit for service so long as their pay held out. He flogged his men and even closed one tavern by force and in other ways was impolitic. In the election, thanks to the liquor crowd, George Washington's opponent, Captain Thomas Swearingen, received 270 votes, while the man who was to be the first President of the United States got forty.

The next year George Washington, seemingly, had made up his mind to be elected. He enlisted the aid of a couple of practical politicians of the county. In his story Mr. Ford itemizes the amount and the cost of the winning argument—enough alcohol to float a fishing dory. There were about sixty-six gallons of rum, about thirty gallons of wine, and about thirty of beer, not to speak of brandy and cider.

The result was an interesting side light on nonvoting, for in that election the total vote was increased by forty-five. Washington received 310 votes; Swearingen 45.

"I hope," wrote Washington after the election to his political manager, "that no exception was taken to any that voted against me, but that all were treated alike, and all had enough. My only fear is that you spent with too sparing a hand."

I asked Bertrand H. Snell about this matter of getting people to vote. He is the representative in Congress of the Thirty-first New York District. We sat at the table of the war claims committee of which he is chairman, and as he replied he emphasized each word by pounding on the surface of the table.

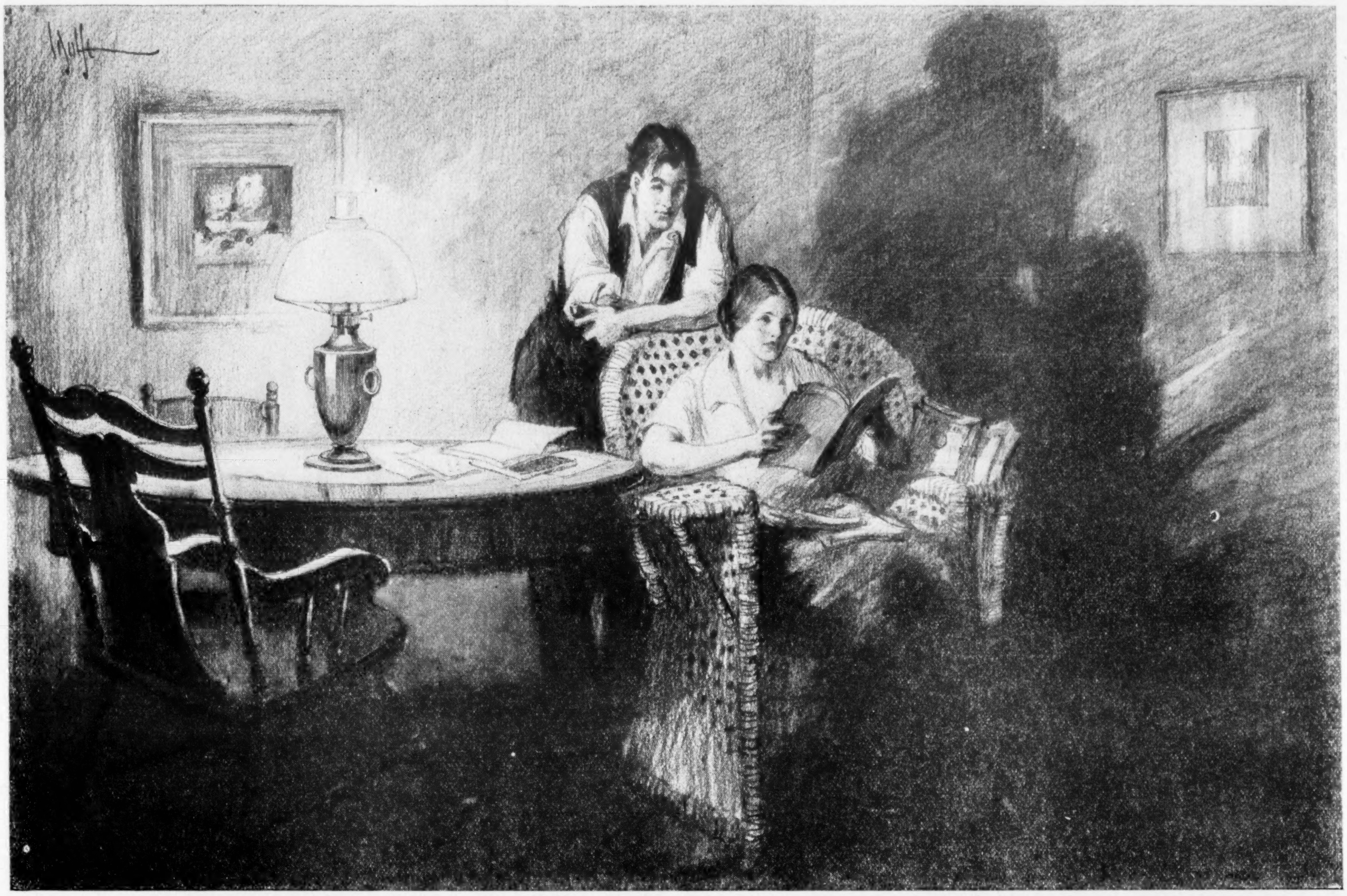
"If you stopped every dollar of campaign expenditures," he declared earnestly, "I'd guarantee that you wouldn't have ten per cent of the vote. If you go after them in an automobile and pat them on the back they'll vote. I wish there was some way of changing it, but I confess I can't think of any.

This government belongs to the people. The people have it within their power, through the ballot, to rededicate their government to the public service and to settle rightly in an orderly way the great issues which now confront them. Every good citizen will endorse the efforts of Collier's to arouse the electorate to the duties and opportunities of citizenship in the election of 1924.

Robert M. La Follette

"The average business man does not give any attention to public affairs. This attitude is the greatest handicap to popular government. A man will spend a lifetime building up a business but won't give five minutes to the selection of a man to go to Washington, to the selection of a man who can vote that

(*Continued on page 38*)



“My wife and I investigated all the kinds of tractors there is. We got pictures and folders of all of 'em”

A Word in Edgewise

By William Hazlett Upson

Illustrated by George Wolfe

ABOUT five o'clock one Saturday afternoon I came into the branch office of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company at Dallas, Tex. And there, pounding away at a typewriter in the back room, was George Sherwood, who was supposed to be the finest high-powered six-cylinder balloon-tired salesman in the whole company.

“What's the excitement?” I asked.

“I'm writing an article for the ‘Sales Psychology Magazine,’ ” he said. “on ‘Methods of a Master Salesman.’ ”

“And who is the ‘master salesman’?”

“I am,” said George. “You know I got about the best little old sales talk in the business. Has unity, clearness, force, and ease. Especially force. Knocks 'em all cold. And in this article I explain how I do it. Sit down and I'll read you what I've written so far.”

“Just a minute,” I said. “I think I hear somebody out front.”

As I stepped into the front office, the street door opened, and in came a tall, solemn-looking young feller with a ten-gallon hat and a west Texas look. He carried two packages. One of them was long and flat, and the other was square and chunky and seemed to be fairly heavy.

“Is this where I can buy an Earthworm Tractor?” he asked. He talked kind of slow and deliberate.

“Sure,” I said. “This is The Farmers' Friend Tractor Company of Texas, distributors of Earthworm Tractors for the entire Southwest.”

“Well,” he said, “I own a farm out in Motley County, and I need a tractor. My wife and I have talked it over and investigated all the different kinds of tractors there is. We got pictures and folders of all of 'em. The Steel Donkey, the Twin Jitney, the Road Wrecker—I forget the names of all of 'em. And then we went around and seen a lot of 'em working.”

“That's the way to find out which is the best,” I said.

He sort of smiled. “My wife's idea. She's the brains of the family. I always take her advice. We drove around all over our section of the state, and saw most a hundred tractors, and talked to the owners. And my wife finally decided that the Earthworm is the best tractor made, and I think so myself. So we decided to buy one—a ten-ton model. We know all about it—price and all. I have the money in the bank, and I can pay cash. When can you deliver it?”

“I'll call one of the salesmen to talk to you,” I said. “Just set your packages over there by the table.”

“Can't I arrange it with you?” he asked. “I don't need to talk to a salesman—I've made up my mind already. And, besides, I gotta catch a train pretty soon.” He took a look at his watch.

“Sorry,” I said. “I'm just a service man. I do repair work and demonstrating, and that sort of thing. But I don't have anything to do with writing up orders, so I'll have to call Mr. Sherwood.”

I took the packages and set them over on the corner table, and started for the back office.

“Wait,” called the tall guy. “If you do repair work and demonstrating, you must know a lot about tractors.”

“Well, I know a little.”

“And don't you think the Earthworm is the best tractor made?”

“Well, that's how it seems to me. I think it's the best ever. But I work for the company, and I might be prejudiced.”

JUST then I noticed George Sherwood coming in from the back office. He pulled me over in a corner and started whispering. “Who is that man?”

“I don't know his name.”

“What does he want?”

“He wants to buy a tractor.”

“You should have found out his name. You service men could be of great help if you'd only get up on your toes once in a while. If I knew this geezer's name I could greet him like an old friend. Make a good approach.”

“That won't matter with this bird,” I said.

“Shows all you know about selling. And another thing—I heard you when he asked whether you didn't think the Earthworm was the best tractor made. And you said you *thought* so—and you said your judgment might be prejudiced.”

“Well, what's the matter with that?”

“All wrong, my boy, all wrong. You'll never get anywhere that way. You're weak. You lack character and force. How can you expect a man to have confidence in what you say if you have no confidence yourself? You should have thrown back your shoulders and told him of course the Earthworm is the best machine made. I'm afraid you have seriously damaged my chances of making this sale.”

He shook down his cuffs, pulled up his tie, and stepped briskly over to the tall guy. “Good afternoon, sir,” he said. “Haven't we met before?”

“No,” said the tall guy, “we ain't.”

“Well, well—my name is George Sherwood—call me just plain George. No formality about me. And your name is—?”

“Allen. I want to buy a tractor.”

“Mind if I ask your full name?”

“Zachary Taylor Allen.”

“Fine!” said George, giving him a friendly slap on the back. “Mind if I call you Zack?”

“It doesn't matter what you call me. All I want is to get down to business.”

“Absolutely. Anything I can do for you I am here to do.”

“I want to buy a tractor.”

“Fine!” said George. “And if you are thinking of buying a tractor, you cannot do better than buy an Earthworm—and I will tell you why.”

“But I don't want you to tell me why. I've looked into that already.”

“Have you ever owned an Earthworm? Have you ever driven one?”

“No.”

“Then you can have no idea of the superiority of this machine to anything else that has ever been produced in the whole country. In fact, in the whole world.”

“Well, I've looked into the matter pretty carefully, and—”

“But there are so many points to be investigated before choosing a machine.

Now, I wonder if you know what I consider the first point in making a choice of a tractor?"

"No, and—"

"Well, sir, the first point is this: 'What is behind the tractor?'"

"I want to put a plow behind it," said Zack.

"No, I mean the reputation of the company behind the tractor. Now, the Earthworm is built by the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company. And this company is able to turn out a better machine than any other firm in America. And I will tell you why."

"I'll take your word for that," Zack interrupted. He looked at his watch.

"NO," said George, "I want to prove it to you. (A) The company has been established since 1885. Been building tractors since the old steam traction-engine days. (B) Was the originator of the Earthworm idea of the endless track. There is but one Earthworm: the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company builds it. (C) Furnished all tractors used by the government to pull artillery in the great war."

"But I don't want to pull artillery."

"Yes, but remember, this is the tractor used by Uncle Sam. And what is good enough for Uncle Sam is good enough for anybody."

"Yes," said Zack. "I suppose that's right. And I don't want to interrupt, but it's after five o'clock—"

"Never mind that, Zack, old man. I don't work by the clock, and next I want to tell you about our factory. Our plant at Earthworm City, Ill., is in every way the most modern and up-to-date plant in the country. Accuracy is our watchword. We use the famous Swedish gauges measuring to one hundred-thousandth of an inch. Think of it. Insures perfect interchangeability. And our machine shop is admitted to be the finest in the Middle West."

"Well," said Zack, "if I wanted to buy a factory, I might get it. But I want to get a tractor."

"Exactly what I am coming to, now. After you've heard about the kind of factory we have, you expect something pretty good as a product. Well, sir, the product *is* good. It's the best there is. And I will tell you why."

"But listen here," Zack cut in, "I don't want to hear about that."

"You want to buy a tractor?"

"Yes."

"Well, before you buy, you should find out about it. First point—materials. We use only the finest. Come here." He pulled Zack over to the machine which was on exhibition at the side of the show room. "Look at those track shoes. The finest grade of manganese steel, triple heat-treated. Look at those roller frames. Special open-hearth alloy steel castings. No stove iron there, like you see on so many tractors. And the gears in the transmission—chrome nickel electric steel drop forgings, carefully annealed, machined, carbonized in bone, case-hardened, and then tempered and polished. Do you realize what a heat treatment like that means?"

"No," said Zack, taking another look at his watch, "and I don't care."

"The next point is the design—the way these superior materials are put together to make the perfect machine. Look at that motor. Completely enclosed—no grit and dirt can get into the working parts. Gear-driven fan—no fan belt troubles. Five main bearings of ample size. Valve in the head—lots of power. And see here. High tension magneto with impulse starter. No trouble to start—just a flip of the crank, and away she goes."

Zack reached in his pocket and brought out a black and red folder that said on it: "Missouri-Kansas-Texas Lines. Time-table."

"Of course," George went on. "Anybody can see the advantage of the Earthworm tracks. Go through mud and over rough ground just like a war tank. No packing of the soil. And the jointed roller frame makes the track conform to the surface of the ground, giving perfect traction and easy riding qualities."

Zack put the time-table back in his pocket and began edging over just the least bit toward the door.

"It would surprise you," George went on, "to see how easy the tractor steers. By pulling this handle you stop one side and the other just walks right around. Turn around on a dime. Yes, sir, as I said to the Prince of Wales when we sold so many tractors to the British Government during the war, I said, 'The worm will turn.' See what I mean?—'The worm will turn.' Ha, ha!"

JUST then the telephone rang in the back office, and I answered. Somebody wanted Mr. Sherwood.

"Excuse me a moment," said George. "I must answer the phone, but I won't be long. And as soon as I get back I will tell you about the amount of work the tractor can do, with especial reference to your particular needs. And I will give you some astonishing figures regarding the economy of operation and ease of upkeep of the machine."

As George went into the back office, Zachary Taylor Allen took a couple of deep breaths like a breathing exercise. "Gosh!" he said, and looked at his watch again. "I guess I'll have to get a Twin Jitney after all. When that guy comes back, you tell him I'm sorry, but I had to go. Hand me them packages, will you, please?"

So I handed them over, but I said, "I hate to see you go off this way, Mr. Allen. Especially," I said, "after what you told me about your wife being so strong for you to buy an Earthworm. What'll she say when you tell her you fell for this other machine?"

He thought it over for a minute, and said, "That's a fact. I guess you're right. But what can I do? Now, if I only had this guy out in God's country, out in Motley County—"

He seemed to be meditating. He took up his two packages, and first he looked at the long one, and then he looked at the little square chunky one, and finally an idea seemed to arrive in his mind.

"Say," he said, "everything I need, I got right here."

He set the chunky package down on a chair, took out his knife, and was getting ready to cut the string on the long package.

"It's a lucky thing," he remarked, "I just happened to buy this to-day. By the way—this salesman—this George Sherwood—is that the name?"

"Yes."

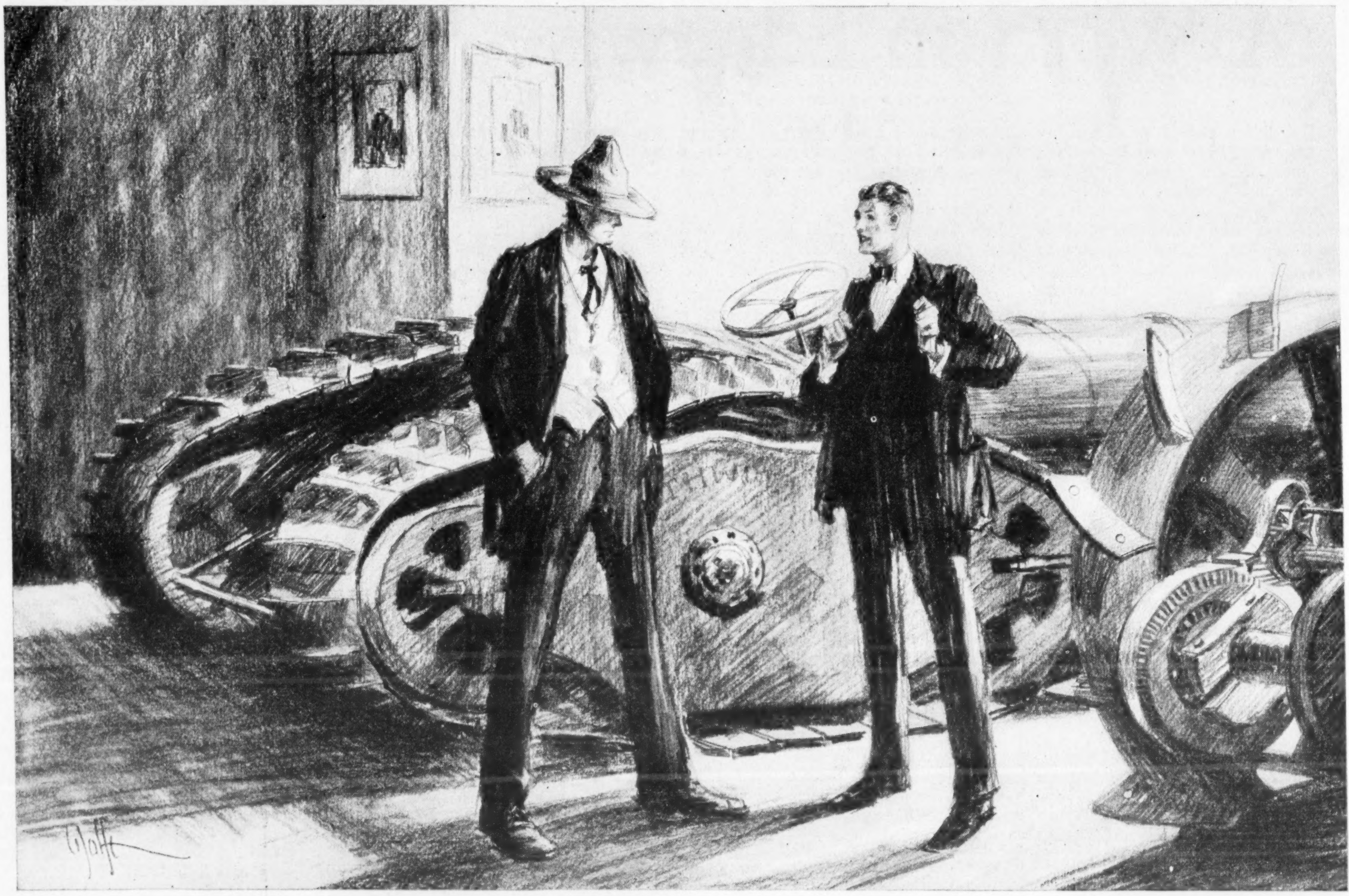
"He ain't married, is he? No children nor nothing?"

"No."

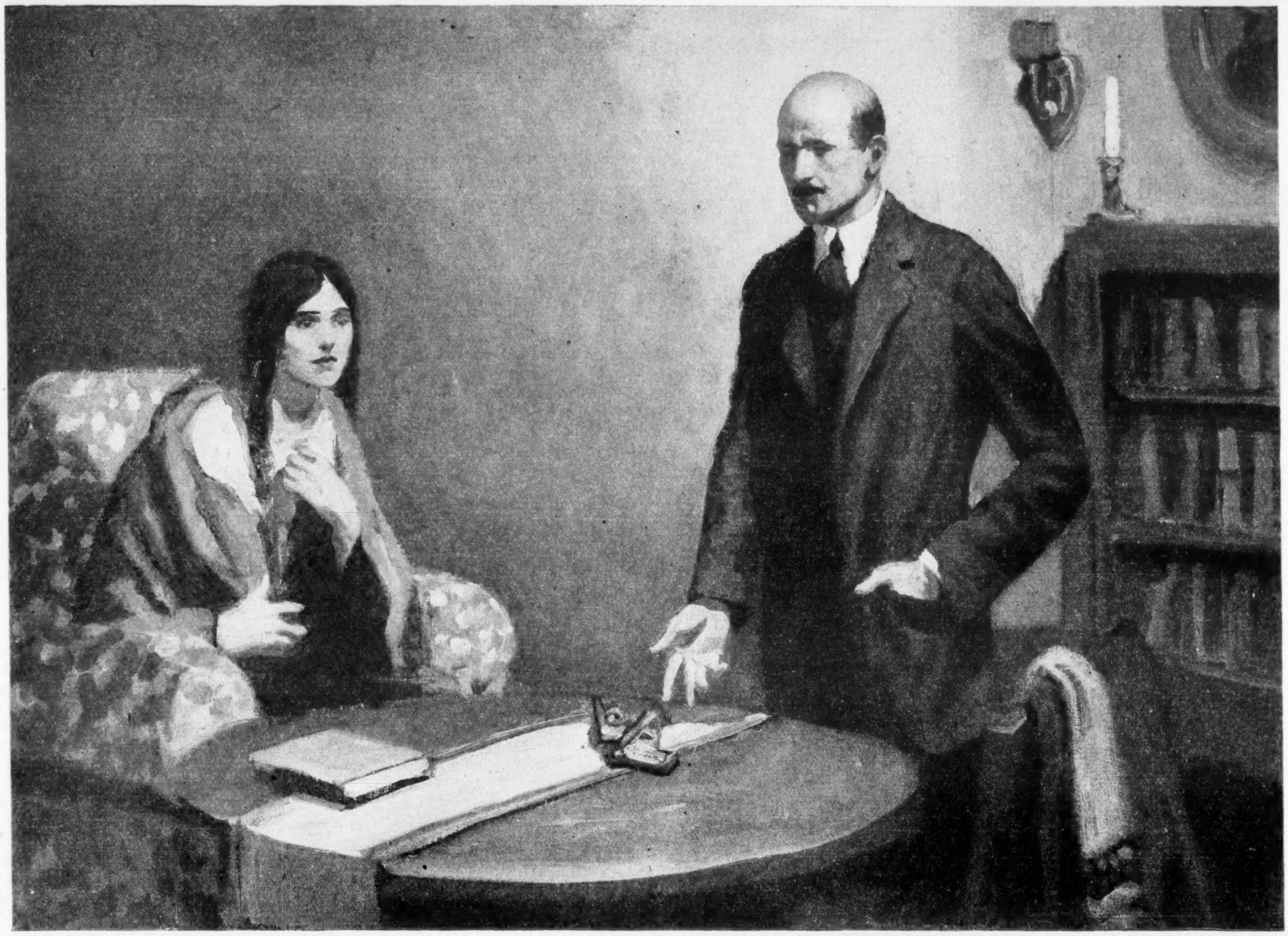
"That's good. I never could stand the idea of widows and orphans." He held the knife to the string while he considered the situation. Finally, "I hate to do it anyway," he said. "I'll give him another chance. Here, put these things back in the corner again."

So I put the packages back, and I remember noticing that both of them were fairly heavy, but the little chunky package was especially heavy. And no sooner had I got them stowed away when here was George Sherwood back again.

(*Continued on page 22*)



He pulled Zack over to the machine which was on exhibition at the side of the showroom. "Look at those track shoes"



"Revolvers!" Alice cried. "Oh, Asaph, I don't know what to make of you." "I'm a friend of Mr. Sweeney," he said

Friends of Mr. Sweeney

By Elmer Davis

Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd

Conclusion

AS THEY rolled away the Hon. Stephen was considering. If only they had the luck to overtake the thieves, he could handle this matter himself, without publicity. He carried a gun, and if he could bluff out the criminals and recover his car neither police nor newspapers need ever hear of it. But to bluff them out it was first necessary to catch the thieves, and that wasn't so easy, for at the Fifth Avenue corner they were held up by the traffic signal.

Impatiently Prime leaned out and beckoned to the traffic policeman. "Can't you let us go ahead? I'm Special Deputy Commissioner Prime."

"Where's your department car?"

"I—I left it at home to-night."

"Where's your shield?"

"I—" Prime groped vainly. "I forgot to put it on my evening clothes."

"Then you wait for the traffic," said the policeman. "When it goes, you go. As for this special deputy commissioner stuff, go tell it to Sweeney."

Sweeney! Twice in two minutes the magic name had been flung at the Hon. Stephen. The policeman, of course, was merely using an ancient phrase, but there was something ominous to the Hon. Stephen in its connection with his run of bad luck. He had lost his hat and lost his car, and he had just been forced to realize that without his police car and his gold badge his special privileges were gone. He was only a citizen, and not so much of a citizen at that.

But just then the traffic moved at last. He leaned forward and whispered over the driver's shoulder: "I'll pay your fine if you're pinched for speeding. Get down to 200 Fourth Avenue as quick as you can."

WINTHROP RIXEY came up from the depths of slumber with a groaning sigh. His head ached, his mouth tasted brassy; he was alone and cramped and cold in an automobile which he was wholly unable to identify. He looked for Holliday, but Holliday wasn't there. He looked for the driver, but the driver wasn't there. He was alone in a strange car, a strange town, a strange street—a dark, deserted street, with a dark, deserted building looming up beside him.

Gradually disjointed memories came back. Holliday had brought him downtown because he had to go to his office. And here over the door, in big gold numerals faintly visible in the dim light, was the number 200. It seemed to Rixey that they had given that address to the driver who had left them. So Holliday must be inside.

A raw trick, that, to run off and leave your friend asleep and alone where anybody might go through his pockets. Just what might be expected in New York, Rixey reflected. Old Ace used to be human, but fifteen years in this town had poisoned him. New Yorkers were all alike—no heart in them. The driver had left him too; he was cold and lonely.

But Ace was inside. What was he doing? Work? No. Rixey didn't feel like working just now, and neither would Ace. He hadn't drunk so much, of course, but then he obviously wasn't used to much. No, sir. Plain as day. Old Ace was up there in his office, sleeping it off. Better go up and join him—at least the office would be warm.

Awkwardly Rixey climbed out of the car and lurched across the sidewalk, the silk hat sliding unregarded off his head as he stumbled. He got through the revolving door, though not till he had gone round with it two or three times. Here was an elevator shaft, but the gates were closed, the elevator out of sight. Yet Ace had got in, and gone up, somehow.

Rixey pushed the elevator bell and was answered by a faint buzz somewhere above. He waited, rang again. Still nothing happened.

"What a town!" he groaned. "No heart. No brotherhood."

MUST he walk up? Well, he wouldn't walk. It might be ten or twelve stories to the magazine office, for all he knew; and when he tried to read the directory board beside the elevator his eyes were too blurry to make it out.

Old Ace hadn't walked, anyway. He was too lazy—also, probably, he was in no shape to walk. So there must be an elevator somewhere.

Rixey staggered back, leaned against the elevator door. No hope with the bell; he had tried that. But here, beside the elevator, was something that promised better. It looked like something that might rouse somebody. A little red box on the wall with a glass front, and a tiny hammer hanging on a brass chain beside it.

Rixey raised the hammer, smashed the glass. It tinkled on

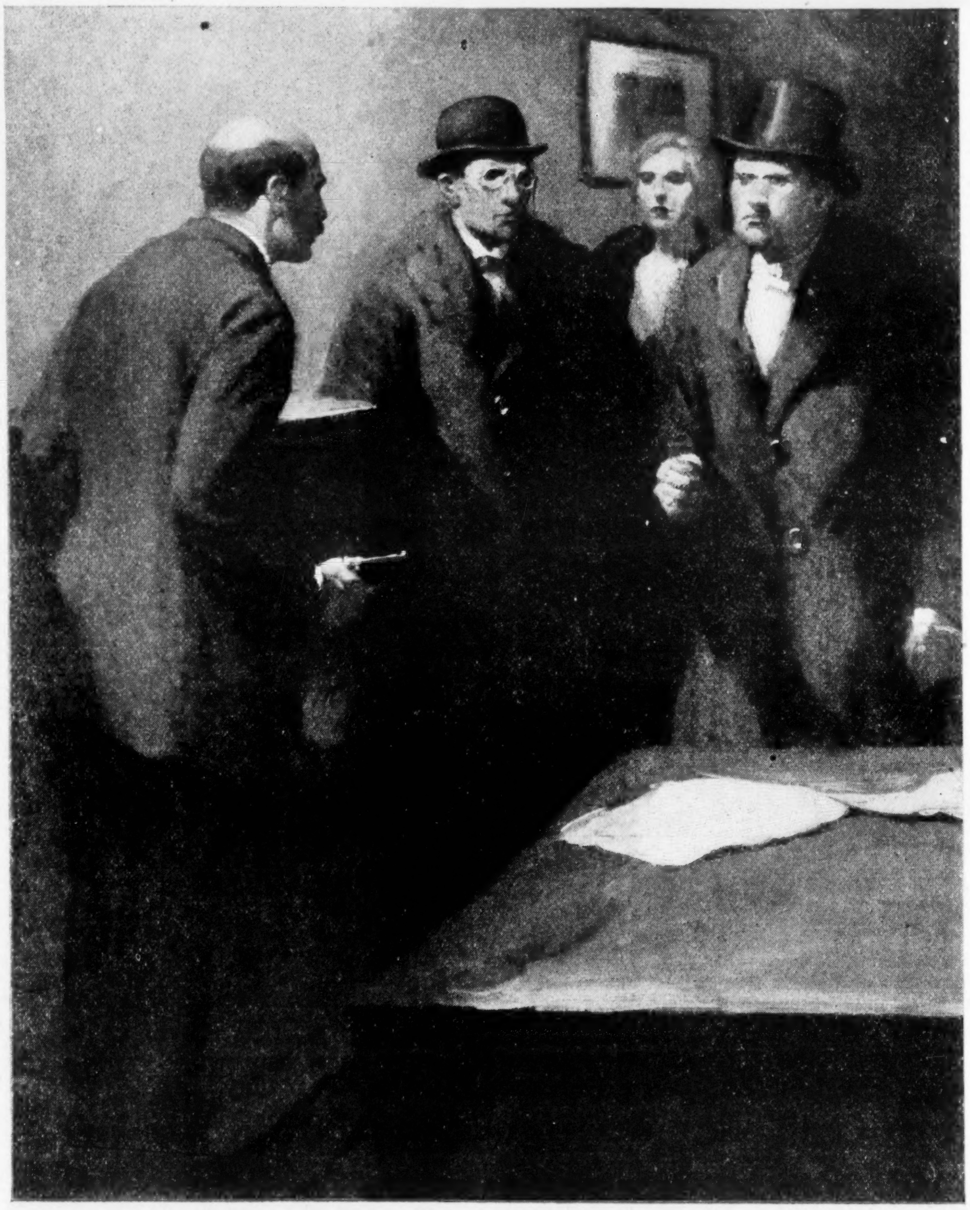
The Barbarian

A twelve-part novel by Wadsworth Camp, author of "The Guarded Heights," begins next week

the concrete floor. He waited; no sound, no trace of life anywhere.

"Hell!" he snorted. "If he wants to be left alone, I'll leave him. I'll show him."

Somewhere near by, he knew, there was a subway station. Never mind the car; he didn't feel like driving, and he'd forgotten whose car it was anyway. Let Ace worry about the car; he would take the subway to his hotel, pack up, and go back to the West.



Holliday pointed his automatic at the Hon. Stephen's shirt front

"New York is the bunk," he said loudly, and lurched forward, tumbled through the revolving door, and out into the street. His feet fell heavily, with the resounding echoes, on the pavement; and the echoes were answered far above by the faint clanging of a gong.

HOLLIDAY'S fingers rattled over the typewriter as his three prisoners sat stiff and uncomfortable in the corner. He was approaching the end.

"Holliday!" said Brumbaugh suddenly.

"Don't bother me."

"But, Holliday! Did you hear that? It sounded like the elevator bell."

"Keep still."

The fingers flew again, tapping off the last line of the article:

"This is not the way to save Europe. If the statesmen who control Europe's destinies do not know that, they must give way to those who do. What Europe needs is courage; what Europe listens for in vain is the note of authority."

"There," he said comfortably, "that may not help Europe much, but it ought to do some good to the 'Balance.'"

Hurriedly he went over the two typewritten pages, penciled corrections here and there; then folded the paper, rolled it up, thrust it into the carrier, and sent it down the pneumatic tube.

"That's that," he said cheerfully. "Now, what were you saying, Mr. Brumbaugh?"

The other three were all showing signs of excitement.

"Holliday, someone rang the elevator bell. Two or three times. Do you realize what that means? Somebody's trying to get into the building. Somebody will discover what is going on. Then the police will be summoned, and we'll be rescued."

"And after we're rescued," said Holliday, "you can proceed to fire me. Well, it was worth it. You can't imagine the kick I got out of spilling what was on my mind."

"You ain't goin' to be rescued so quick," the burglar told them. "If any guy is tryin' to get in, he's only tipped off the mob by ringin' for the elevator. Maybe, Mr. Brumbaugh, you might have heard a low whistle after that first ring. Yeah? I heard it too. That was Mike. Mike can't go down, because he's got to watch this door and see that you birds don't try to get out; but Mike whistles to the rest of 'em, and they send somebody downstairs to get the bird that rung the bell. Likely they've got him already, and inside of a couple of minutes we'll have him lined up in here. This," concluded the burglar, "is a good place for parkin' undesirables, it looks like."

The others looked at each other gloomily. It sounded like the truth.

Bong, bong! Back in the building a gong began to ring, steadily, clamorously. "Fire!" Holliday gasped.

"We'll be burned alive," cried Brumbaugh.

"No, you won't," said the burglar gloomily. "The elevator bell was nothing, but this spoils the party. This alarm rings in fire headquarters too, don't it? Sure. And you don't think my mob is goin' to stick around here with a battalion of fire apparatus rollin' in, and the reserves from the precinct station with it? All hell will be poppin' here in about two minutes; and that means the works is off. You guys come out of it all right. You get good and rescued by the Fire Department. But who's goin' to rescue me?"

"You should have thought of that," said Brumbaugh coldly, "before you elected a life of crime."

"Listen!" said the princess.

OUTSIDE a clamor was growing—the roar of motors, the shriek of sirens, the clang of bells.

"We are safe," she sighed. Safe—but with firemen rushing into the building, and Brumbaugh rushing out—rushing home, as soon as he could—she had lost her chance to bring up the question of the Dragovina relief fund—lost it for to-night at least, and Olga had a strong conviction that after to-night she would see no more of Brumbaugh.

"Yes," said Holliday, cheerfully, "we're safe. You'll be saved and I'll be fired and Brumbaugh will be cautious, and our friend here will go to jail. In short, everything will go back to normal. But it was great while it lasted."

THE Hon. Stephen Prime's taxi was speeding down Fourth Avenue a block above the Firdausi Building when the driver suddenly brought it to a grinding, jarring halt. "What's wrong?" barked the Hon. Stephen. "I'm in a hurry."

"Fire!" said the driver. "Even if I dared run past the cops now, I don't want to take no chances with the fire engines comin' around every corner."

All up and down the avenue, the traffic, even the thin traffic of night in the business district, was halted, motionless; nothing moved but the screaming fire apparatus and policemen running down the pavement.

Then, from the side street by the Firdausi Building, a truck suddenly rolled out—a covered merchandise truck, with men crowded on the seat and clinging to the tail. It swung around the corner just as a huge hook-and-ladder truck, three times as long and three times as heavy, tore down Fourth Avenue. The fire truck's driver was looking for no interference, for the one law nearly always obeyed in New York City is that all traffic stops while the engines are rolling. A scream of the siren, a quick clang-clang-clang of the bell, a futile effort to turn out—and the fire truck's front wheels smashed against the back wheels of the commercial truck and sent it over in a heap, piled up in the middle of the avenue.

From the wreck men poured out in surprising number; a policeman running up to the scene of the collision encountered one of them; there was a shout, a flash, a quick bang-bang, and the fugitive went down. Other men were clambering over the fire truck; the light flashed on a swinging ax.

"Here!" growled the Hon. Stephen, flinging his taxi driver a five-dollar bill. "I'm in on this."

He had left his badge at home, but he had his gun; he was in evening dress, so there would be little doubt about which side he was on; and even if the traffic policeman farther uptown hadn't recognized him, his face was known to every police lieutenant and every battalion fire chief in Manhattan.

A refugee from the wrecked truck ran up as he ran down.

"Stop!" yelled the Hon. Stephen. "Stick 'em up!"

No response. Bang! The Hon. Stephen's bullet nicked the pavement in front of the fugitive, who stopped and stuck 'em up. So did another man close behind him. A police sergeant, running in from the side street, peered at the bare-headed man in evening dress.

"What— Oh, good evening, Commissioner!"

The Hon. Stephen sighed with relief. It was going to be a good evening, after all.

BY THE time he and the sergeant reached the truck half a dozen other men were lined up, hands in air, covered by a patrolman's gun; two or three more, maimed and helpless, lay tangled in the wreckage.

Automatically the Hon. Stephen took command.

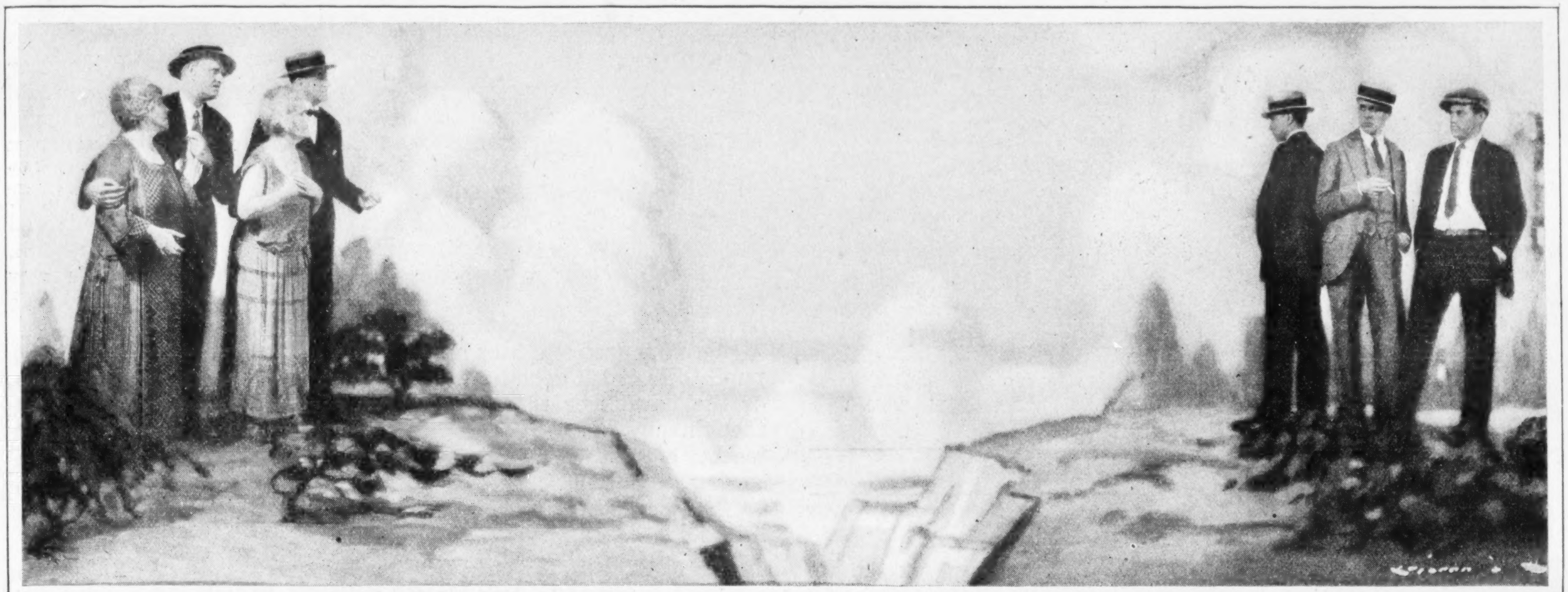
"Keep that bunch here," he ordered, "while somebody phones for the wagon. You boys"—to the firemen—"cut these fellows out of the wreck; I hear the gong of the Bellevue ambulance down the street. No, that's all right; I'm Deputy Commissioner Prime. Now, Sergeant, come along. Where was this alarm?"

"Firdausi Building."

"The silk people, eh? So that's what's in the truck, I suppose. Come on, sergeant. We'll see."

They ran down to the front entrance, where a car was parked at the curb, and the Hon. Stephen looked at it with a grin of recognition. His own car, lost and found again—and what was that black object in the gutter? His own silk hat—battered and bedraggled, but his own. To the Hon. Stephen this seemed a happy omen; his luck had turned. Not till he glanced at the directory of the building, inside, and caught the name of the "Balance," did he recall that it hadn't yet turned all the way around. . . .

The four who waited in Holliday's office heard the roar of motors, the clang of bells, the shriek of whistles, and popping noises that might have been back-firing motors, or something else. Then they heard a clatter below, and eventually *(Continued on page 22)*



"There seems to be a Grand Cañon between parents and their children"

What's Wrong With Our Children?

By William G. Shepherd

Illustrated by Lejaren à Hiller

"There *is* something wrong with our children, and *all* America that knows anything about children knows it," says Mr. Shepherd. He tells what that "something" is. And he suggests a remedy. Like Collier's, he believes that the teaching of morality—ethics—call it what you will—in our schools is of supreme importance if our young people are to prosper.

I HAVE been investigating the question, "What's wrong with our children?" Within the past few weeks it has grown in ominousness. There isn't a bigger question in the United States to-day.

It is a question that you hear in the locker-room at the golf course, in clubs, and on Pullmans, in all gatherings of men and women. It has taken a lead, I believe, as a topic of conversation, over prohibition itself.

It is *the* question in the United States to-day. "What's wrong with our children?"

As a father, and not professionally as a reporter, I set out some months ago, using every means of investigation at hand and whatever professional experience I have had as a newspaper and magazine investigator, to try to discover an answer to this query.

I want to talk, in this article, very plainly, as a father talking with perplexed fathers and mothers. I am trying to imagine myself in the place of a man who has been requested by fathers and mothers to investigate, for them, the problem of "What's wrong with our children?" As I write I am trying to feel that I have put forward my most earnest efforts to reach an answer to this question and that I am, in this article, making my report of this investigation.

The Modern Criminal is Young

THERE *is* something wrong with our children. It cannot be denied. Who is this fellow we're afraid of on dark streets at nights? He's a schoolboy, in his 'teens. Ninety per cent of the desperate crimes of to-day—the new crimes of violence and death that amaze even the hardened police—are committed by boys under the age of twenty-one. The criminal of to-day is a boy just out of school. He wasn't in the army; he sat in a grade school during the war. Instead of turning toward work when school days are over he turns toward crime. He seems to leave the schoolroom, diploma in hand, looking about anxiously to see what the world has to offer him and where he can fit in. And he finds crime—and a jail cell. I don't believe you could find a sadder figure in all the world than his. Others may say that there is nothing especially wrong with our children, but fathers and mothers know different.

Millions of fathers and mothers of all classes are standing to one side, aghast, open-mouthed, perplexed, and amazed, helplessly watching the new generation take its desperate strides. There seems to be a Grand Cañon between parents and their children. They belong to two distinctly different worlds, with different thoughts, different aims, different viewpoints, and even different vocabularies.

I am not painting this too darkly; I have read too many hundreds of letters recently from fathers and mothers all over America and I have talked with too many hundreds of parents on this subject in the past year to be guilty of overdrawing this picture.

There *is* something wrong with our children, and *all* America that knows anything about children knows it.

And America is beginning to acknowledge and face this fact. That's the best sign I've seen in my investigation.

I said I would speak plainly; this is no subject over which to mince words or around which to cut corners.

We are leaving morals, ethics, religion—whichever you choose to call it—out of the education of our children in America. Jewish parents tell me this; Catholic parents tell me this; so do Protestant parents.

I am not speaking as a member of a church. I don't suppose anyone would even call me religious. Yet I believe that true morals and ethics are based on religion and on a belief in God. I am speaking as an unchurched American father in a more or less unchurched American home. Almost one fourth of our homes are unchurched.

The God of morals and ethics isn't in our educational system and He isn't in enough of our homes. Too many of our children do not ever meet Him anywhere.

And I put it down cold that Americans do not want a knowledge of God and a sense of responsibility to Him left out of the lives of their children. I have had enough of the feel of public opinion to know this as a fact. No one ever intended that the influence of a non-creedal religion should be left out of the education of children. It was left out by an accident, by a strange twist in our national development. I am of the opinion that many American fathers and mothers, unfamiliar with the history of education in the United States, do not know this. I didn't know or realize it until I had investigated this subject.

There was no religion taught in the early community schools in America. The teaching of morals and ethics by means of religion was left to the home and the church. And the home and the church did their simple tasks thoroughly. Religion, involving not only morals and ethics but also actual worship, was a part of every person's life in those days.

As America grew richer and civilization more complex, church schools and private schools arose. In these church schools, and in the private schools as well, religion was part of the curriculum.

Suddenly a new idea arose in America; it was an idea new to the world; no people had ever tried to carry out such an idea before. It could have arisen only in the newest country in the world. This idea was: Good citizens don't grow by accident; if America wants good citizens, the state itself must educate them.

But how could this idea be carried out? Horace Mann found the answer. If you live in a town of any size at all, there is one school there named for Horace Mann.

Mr. Mann went to Europe and in Germany he found the Volksschule. This was a school for the education of the children of the masses; it trained children not for lives of luxury or idleness, but for doing the world's heavy work.

Children from the Volksschule were not admitted to the higher schools. It was a blind-alley school system. The rich and the aristocratic sent their children to other schools that led upward into the universities.

Horace Mann adapted the German Volksschule to America. It became our public school, supported by taxes, open to all, and leading toward the highest universities.

When We Drove Out Creeds

THE Horace Mann school began to play havoc with private schools and with church schools. As these failed or were absorbed into the public-school system the creeds which had been taught in these schools were set aside. Some of the religious leaders made desperate fights to maintain the teaching of their respective creeds in the public schools.

But this wouldn't have been America, with its religious freedom, if leaders of creeds had been able to impose their creeds on school children at public expense. While creeds were fighting to keep their place in the schools, all creeds were kicked out.

"No taxes for the instruction of any creed in the

(*Continued on page 33*)

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Now We See the Dawn

IN ITS first issue of this year Collier's said on this page:

> Perhaps the tide in Europe turned from madness toward sanity in the first week of December, 1923. The English elections swept the Tories out of power by a vote of 8 to 5, and declared for liberal policies. Within a week the French Government, an eye on next May's elections, had begun to talk "skeleton occupation" of the Ruhr, had accepted the Hughes proposal for a conference on the finances of Germany. . . .

That was true prophecy. The Hughes proposal was made concrete in the experts' committee which achieved the Dawes report. Liberal policies in England put that report through, with the good will of a French premier chosen at the May elections. Skeleton occupation of the Ruhr has come, and the actual end of that sinister adventure is to come within a year.

To feel the tremendous force of what was done at London last month, when the nations signed "the first really negotiated agreement since the war," one must note these salient facts:

1. Reparations originally demanded from Germany........$120,000,000,000
   Reparations under Treaty of Versailles........................ 33,000,000,000
   Reparations under Dawes report................................... 11,000,000,000
2. The basis of the agreement is the raising of a loan for Germany in order to put that country, as Ramsay MacDonald says, "on its feet economically and enable it to meet its obligations and reënter the economic system of Europe."
3. The Allies bind themselves not to take violent means to collect from Germany unless default has been declared, and elaborate safeguards are provided against an unjust declaration of default.
4. An American citizen is to be chairman of the arbitral commission.

"We now see the dawn," says Premier Herriot of France, and he adds: "we hope to work till daylight is reached."

The same caution appears in the statement of MacDonald that "we have a long way to go before we reach the goal of peace and security, but we are on the right road."

To the people of America there is significance in what MacDonald said in the House of Commons:

> Some points that may have still been left open, owing to the *impossibility of settling them in the present state of the public mind, may* become negotiable by a change in that mind.

Blame the statesmen as we will, justice and common sense always have to wait until the people are ready for them. Our quarrel with some statesmen is that they are timorous in leading the people and slow to see that the people are ready. It took a MacDonald to dare to voice the demand of the plain folk of Britain for "economic internationalism." It took a Herriot to say finally that France would retire from the Ruhr. It took a Marx and a Stresemann to defy the blind patrioteers of Germany. But it took mighty popular elections to put these men in authority.

America, we believe, has long been ready to bring to an end its "squalid and selfish policy of isolation." Dawes has helped, and so has Owen D. Young. But must our country too wait for the results of a national election before it goes further and faster up the road and toward the dawn? We hope not, for the coming election holds little promise of giving a clear mandate to any party on the great issue of preserving peace.

The immediate hope is in President Coolidge's promise to call another conference for further limitation of armaments and codification of international law. Beyond that, the goals are the World Court, the outlawing of war, and the revamping of the League of Nations so that America may be willing to take her place there with the other fifty-four nations.

Who Teaches Your Child—and Why?

A SCHOOL principal in the West at the beginning of the year offered a prize of ten dollars to any eighth-grade pupil who would carefully count a million, using checks and tallies. There were many entrants, but all dropped out except one, a thirteen-year-old girl.

For four months this girl used an average of two hours a day counting—counting nothing. Stimulated by her teacher and the offer of a prize, she has devoted two hundred and fifty concentrated hours to achieve something of no value.

Yet we laugh at the scholastics who labored to decide how many disembodied spirits can stand on the point of a needle. We have even accused Congress of wasting time.

Two hundred and fifty hours would have allowed that persistent pupil to read ten good books. She could have catalogued the birds or the flowers or the trees of her community. She could have thoughtfully written a dozen English themes—and maybe had her teacher correct them. She could have learned cooking or baking or sewing. She could have done much in music or drawing.

She counted a million, that's all. Because her teacher encouraged her to do it. And he will doubtless be hired to teach next year.

Back to the Great Mother of Us All

WHAT is it that the visitor to New York from the interior of the continent wants to see first? The theatrical district? That's merely a sublimated version of many a brilliantly lighted Main Street. The big buildings? Wrong again, there are skyscrapers in monotonous plenty from Tulsa to Terre Haute. The Art Museum, Central Park, the shops, the residences on Upper Fifth Avenue?

No, according to an observer who has watched the ways of out-of-towners in Manhattan these many years, it is the river-fronts, where the great ocean-going steamers lie, that have the strongest lure.

There go the men of Illinois and Iowa as soon as they leave the hotel lobbies and, if they only knew it, they could find natives of Nebraska and Ohio and Indiana walking the sea wall at Battery Park breathing, with full-lunged approval, the salt breezes.

There is something thrilling in the idea that after all we have still deep down in us the ancient love for the sea that no landlocked years can ever kill. America came up from the sea and goes back to the Great Mother whenever opportunity offers.

Item No. 1 is Your Citizenship

JOHN McDONNOUGH, aged seventy-eight, Civil War veteran and ward of the United States, stood before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia and, with tears streaming down his face, demanded to know why, as a member of the army during and for three enlistments after the Civil War, he wasn't a citizen of the United States. All he wanted was a passport so he could visit some friends in Ireland he hadn't seen in sixty years. The court told him the truth. His permit to fight in the Union army was that and no more. He had never been a citizen of the United States.

It was a hard blow for an old man, but maybe it jolted a few million younger men into the realization that their most precious asset is their status as citizens of this country.

There's Highbrow Radio Too

"THE trouble with radio," says the bored bromide, "is that all it broadcasts is jazz and bedtime stories." *Is that so?* Well, how much jazz would you expect to get from the broadcasting stations maintained by Bishop Thomas's cathedral at Laramie, Wyo., or St. Patrick's at El Paso, Tex.?

Do you think the state universities of Arizona, California, or Vermont care much about sending bedtime stories out on the ether? They are only three of fifteen state universities broadcasting news for the benefit of the public. The bromide probably doesn't know that non-commercial broadcasting is already an important factor in the new world of radio. Colleges operate eighty-three stations, newspapers fifty-nine, churches twenty, secondary schools ten, cities nine, boards of education two, and so on. There is even a yacht-club station.

"The trouble with radio," the bored bromide of the future will say, "is that you have to hunt all over the air for some jazz or a bedtime story for the baby."

The Balance of Power?

SAYS the Detroit "News": "Let them poke fun at it if they like, but the next President will be elected by Main Street."

Um-m—yes—*if they vote.*

Why Henry Ford Made Good

By Dr. Frank Crane

HENRY FORD has been one of the outstanding figures in America. He is one of the richest men in the world, if not the richest man, and there seems to be no end to his success in piling up a fortune. His career is interesting and instructive.

He has not made his money by going into the stock market nor any similar gambling operations. He has not enjoyed the advantages of a monopoly, but has operated in free competition in a field that was open to all. His possessions are not great because he bought real estate and saw it grow on his hands. The community has not made money for him except by giving him the protection of law and order. He has made his money himself, and if he is fortunate at all it is because he has had the good fortune to identify himself with a business that is rapidly growing.

He has made his money by minding his own business and by hard work.

During this time he has paid good wages—in fact, he has been bitterly criticized for paying his workmen so much.

He has simply made automobiles cheaper than anybody else and made lots of them. He has thus served his generation by giving it what it wanted, and his profits have come from that service.

His success has been a rebuke to all sorts of blatherskites who have been angered by it. It is a trait of human nature that we cannot find a man who becomes very rich or very successful without finding plenty of people to criticize him for one reason or another.

His career calls attention to a great law of nature which is, that no government machinery or theory can alter the fact that the man who sticks to business and works hard will succeed as against the man who loafs or strikes or soldiers. Many look for socialism, or communism, or some sort of scheme which will take away from the hard worker and saver and give to his more idle or incompetent fellow. Such plans are looked upon with much favor, especially in Europe, by the incompetent, and it is one of the weaknesses of democracy, for democracy means a government by the majority, and the majority are always incompetent. They excel the minority by their numbers just as the minority excel them by their ability.

No amount of privilege or power artificially given by others can alter the fact that the man who works hard and saves his money will go further than the idler and the spendthrift.

Mr. Ford has used his own money. He has never had recourse to borrowing from the banks, for he borrowed from himself. His capital has been his own earnings. He lived on his own fat, so to speak, and is not beholden to others.

To be sure, he has his peculiarities, for what man has not? His Peace Ship became a subject of universal ridicule and was a failure, but the same result has attended other plans for the abolition of war. Mr. Ford's is not the only device that has come a cropper. He has plenty of company in his failure to stop war.

His antagonism to the Jews seems to be indefensible. It is one of the idiosyncrasies of an otherwise successful man.

He has been blamed for his lack of statesmanship and of general information. But his knowledge has been gained at first hand and in the rough school of commerce, and, judging by its results, it has been of a dependable kind.

There are few of us who would not be willing to be criticized for our lack of Greek, Latin, and the arts if we could make such a success as he has made in his business.

Altogether he is a typical American business man, necessarily narrow in some things, but with a narrowness that comes from too great absorption in one business.

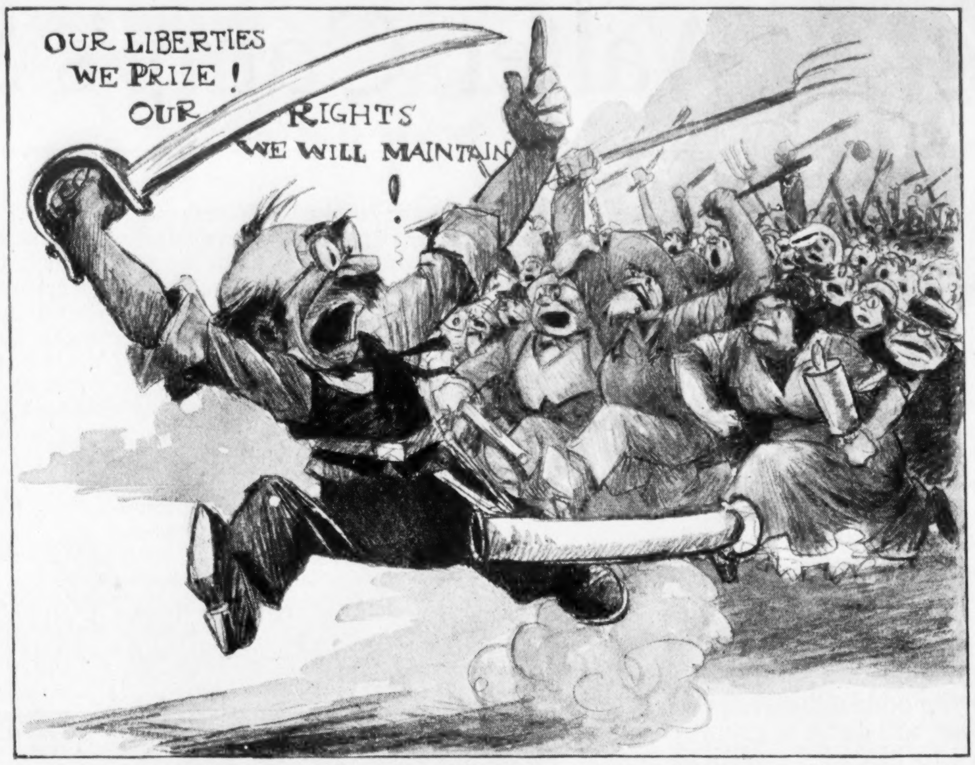
Some time ago a man who was talking in a railroad train in Europe was much humiliated by his lack of knowledge of the terms of the foreign country, and was corrected by another. The first man was a millionaire who had made a success in business and whose income was considerably over a hundred thousand dollars a year, while the latter was a poor school-teacher who had never made more than fifteen hundred dollars a year in his life.

Money is not everything, but it is something.

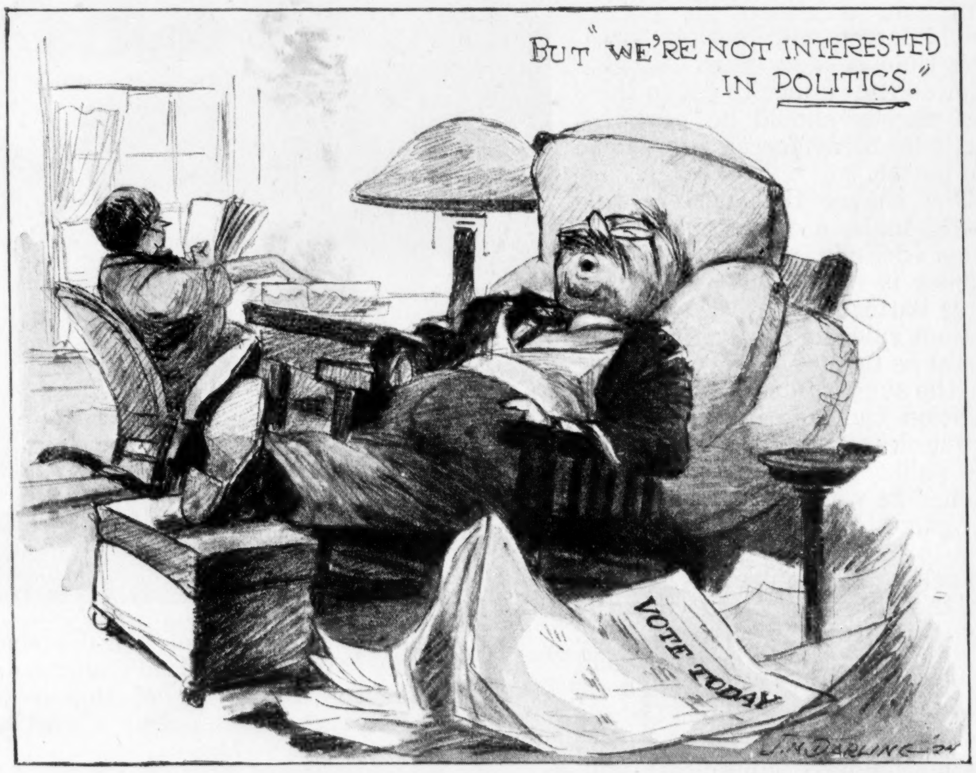
Mr. Ford has not been extravagant in his charities. In fact, he has thought it much better to give a large number of people an opportunity to work and make good wages, and thus to administer their own charity, than to exploit his own vanity.

He has not been very successful in politics, for his great wealth has stood in his road and he has not been willing to use it in a way not in accordance with his conscience. He has made good, but made good in his own way, and his example in that way may well be followed by young people who are looking for examples. He will be criticized for his flaws, and for having attained success in his own business, and the rest of us may be well content if we are subject to no worse criticism.

Frank Crane


OUR LIBERTIES WE PRIZE! OUR RIGHTS WE WILL MAINTAIN!

What a riot if anyone tried to deny us the ballot!


But "WE'RE NOT INTERESTED IN POLITICS."
VOTE TODAY
J. N. DARLING -'24

But this is what more than half of us do with it

Walter Camp's Sport Page

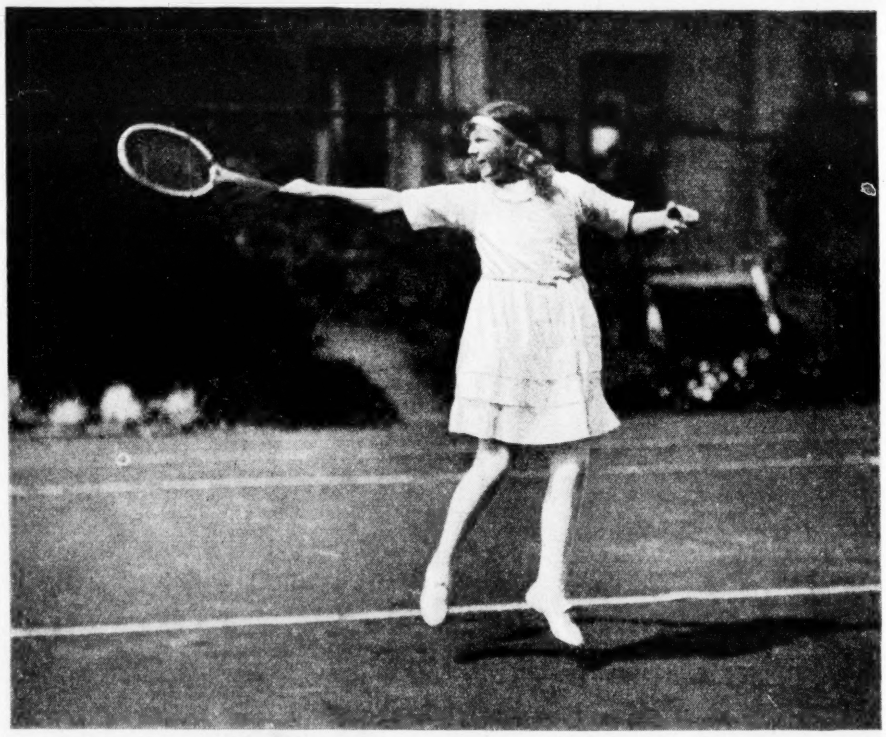
Think This Over, Fans

SCORES of letters have been received backing my stand on the demand for a change in the intentional pass rule. Most of the suggestions provide that the batter have the option of remaining at bat until he has hit or been set down on strikes. Both reason and consensus of opinion seem to suggest this as the best possible change.

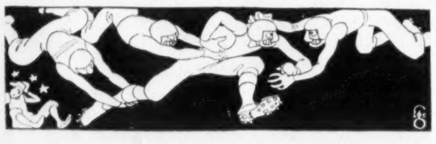
As a sporting proposition the batter choosing to remain at bat after four balls had been pitched to him would be accepting a heavier responsibility than the pitcher, for the odds against even a heavy hitter are 3 to 1 every time he goes to bat. The odds against a sacrifice fly are not so great, however, and with the tieing or winning run on third the pitcher would face a more serious situation than he does now. Having allowed the runner to get to third the pitcher should be penalized for it by being forced to pitch to the batter.

The charge that such a rule would make a farce out of the game doesn't stand up. If a pitcher is really wild and passes three batters in a row, under the present rules he is taken out. He would be taken out as readily under the suggested new ruling. In addition the rule might provide that unless the pitcher put over one strike in every twelve balls pitched he would be forced out of the game. This would be a fair plan to prevent stalling.

Lack of space prevents printing the letters received concerning this rule. There can be no further doubt, however, that the fans want to see the pitchers pitch and the hitters hit. Unless the rule makers take action on this matter next winter they will have pleaded guilty to deliberate dishonesty in their dealings with those who support the game.



Some regard this young lady as the coming world's champion. She is Betty Nuthall, England's thirteen-year-old tennis wizard. Already she has met some of the great stars, including Mrs. Mallory, against whom she put up a hard fight before being beaten



Another Rockne Story

After Notre Dame had suffered an unexpected defeat last fall against Nebraska a friend asked Knute Rockne for an explanation of the defeat.

"That's easy," Rockne replied. "By the time we played Nebraska, Notre Dame was a 'clipping' team. One of my tackles was being outplayed. Between the halves he told me that he knew he was being outplayed, but that he also knew he was a better man than his Nebraska opponent.

"'Sure you are,' I answered him, 'but you've got to prove it. Why don't you show him some of your clippings?'"

Eleven men make up a football team, and one of the invaluable lessons each member learns is that any particularly brilliant showing of his own has largely been made possible by the loyal coöperation of ten other men.

Suggestion for Golfers

You are, I presume, slicing, hooking, and topping that most exasperating thing known as the golf ball. Most of us are. Take this as a tip to secure at least temporary relief: For a time don't attempt a pivot. Take the wooden clubs just a little more than half way back. Throw most of the weight on the left leg and do all the work with the arms and wrists. Then pick out a spot on the fairway that is only a normal full mashie's distance away. Try to hit that spot and keep on trying. The gain in both distance and direction is apt to be agreeably surprising.

Old Stars Know This

"Dazzy" Vance always had great natural ability, but he wasn't at his best until he came under the care of that great and genial doctor of humanity, Wilbert Robertson. This year, pitching with a losing club behind him, he has turned in more than twenty victories. Again sport teaches life that it isn't always the material that counts. Sometimes success depends entirely on the way the material is handled.

Try Philosophy

Dr. O. F. Willing, the stocky little doctor from Portland, Oregon, doesn't look like a golfer, but as a member of the American team that invaded England in 1923 he was second only to Francis Ouimet in the brilliance of his achievements, and this year he has been playing sensational golf on the Pacific Coast. What is the explanation? Philosophy. According to those who have been close to the good doctor, he is serenely confident that golf is the most surprising game in the world, and that one of the least surprising things that might happen at any given moment would be for Doctor Willing to beat any golfer he might be drawn against. The most surprising feature of this philosophy is that so few sportsmen have the good sense to acquire it.

Concerning Trainers

With the return of the Olympic team there has been the inevitable individual criticism of trainers, especially by the Marathon men. A good trainer is invaluable to a youngster in sport, but it is probable that the older men who run the Marathons know what is best for their particular needs. Observation should have told any man who has reached forty what his physical needs are. Those who don't know owe their ignorance to indifference, for common sense is all they need to use in acquiring information concerning the fundamental rules of health.

A Putting Tip

Here is a new putting tip that is passed along for what it is worth: Stand facing the hole with heels together and the toes pointing toward the cup. The right elbow rests on the right hip. A friend who has tried it claims to be able to get a better line than when standing sidewise to the hole, that there is less tendency to sway and a greater rhythm in the stroke with the right elbow anchored on the right hip. Those who feel that such a radical innovation is absurd are reminded that everybody but the pitchers laughed when Heine Groh tried the experiment of facing the pitcher while he was at bat.

Tennis Fans, Attention!

WITH a Tilden and a Johnston to guard the Davis Cup we don't have much to worry about this year. But Tildens and Johnstons aren't the rule. What of our future Davis Cup chances, especially if a challenging country suddenly produces another such pair as Australia once had in Brookes and Wilding?

Our best future defense is greater development of doubles teams. It is characteristically American that we have worshipped the individual star rather than the tennis team, and it is inevitable that our doubles play should have suffered. There are only two first-class doubles combinations in the United States today, Griffin and Johnston and the Kinsey brothers. They owe their success to constant play together, play that has rightfully developed the team at the expense of the individual.

The United States Lawn Tennis Association should offer more encouragement to doubles teams. One plan might be a rule that would limit the selection of Davis Cup doubles teams to men who had played together for a certain stated period. Local tennis associations would also do well to offer greater rewards for doubles play so that the greatest number may be drawn to the courts.

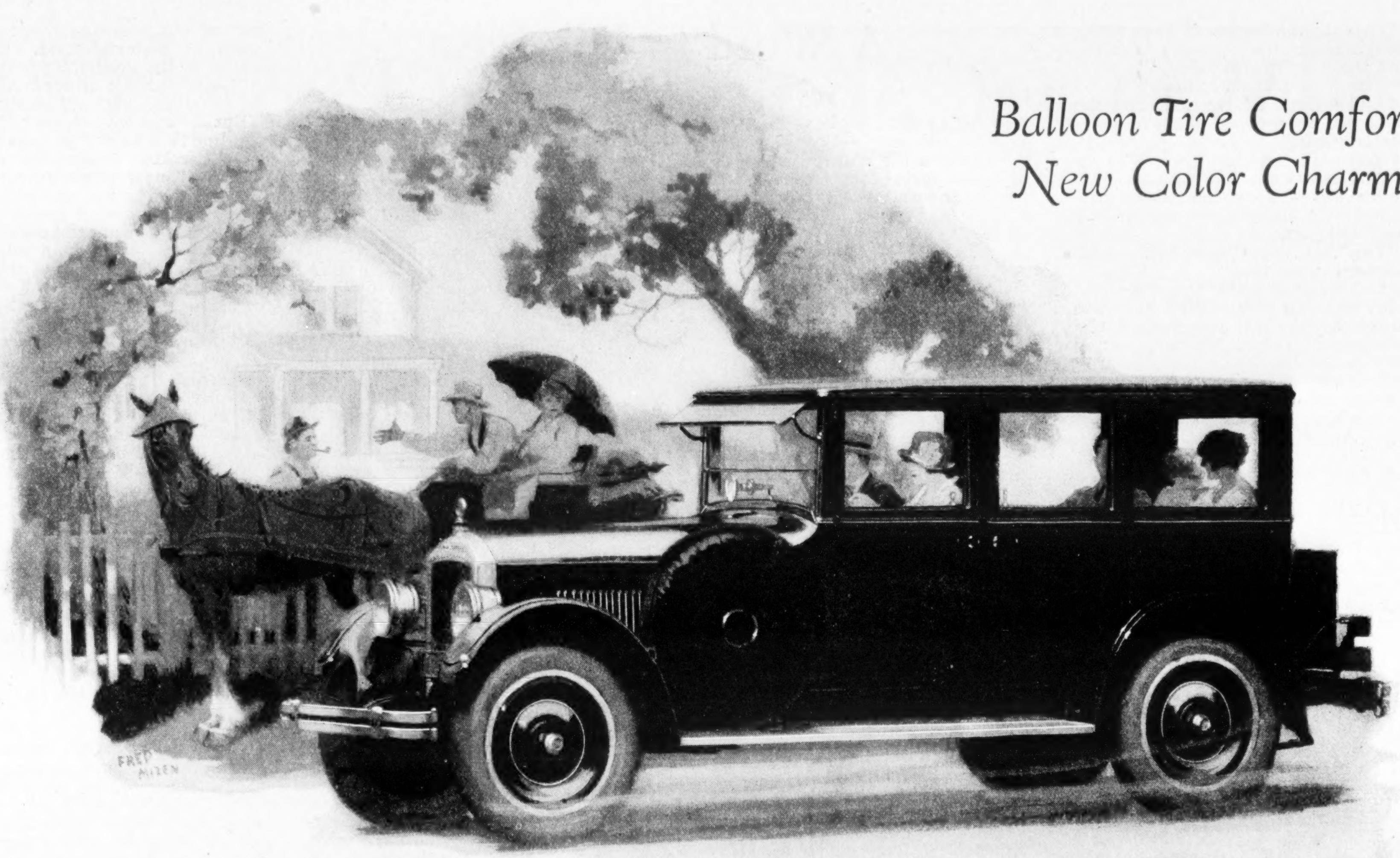
A Little Golf Story

A friend relays the story of a golf professional whose ball was found, before it stopped rolling, by a ball thief. The pro dropped another ball and caught the thief square in the back with it as the thief tried to escape. This plan is recommended as a method of practice for all those who want to improve the accuracy of their shooting.

What? Babe Eats Too Much!

According to report Babe Ruth has been bothered this year by overeating. It would be ironic if the career of the man able to hit 59 home runs in a single season should be shortened by inability to control his stomach as well as he controls a baseball. Yet if Ruth should "eat his way out of the big leagues" he won't be the first man to be denied extra years of big-league achievement by his stomach. It is almost possible to make the flat statement that all men are born with the body and the brain necessary to success but lose in the test by their refusal to protect their heritage. The man who immediately sends his automobile to the garage if he detects the slightest "rattle," will go for months and years without adjusting his personal human engine.

Balloon Tire Comfort
New Color Charms



One Billion Miles Beyond Experiment

NO need to ask will Jewett serve well—a billion miles' service has proved it for you. Companion of the fine Paige—built by a veteran maker of fine sixes—Jewett stands the only car in its class with such history behind it.

Jewett's giant-six motor was created for a Paige that sold at $2000. Five years have been used developing its perfection. All proved principles are embodied in it. No novel, freakish, doubtful ideas about it.

Long-lived Power

Jewett's motor is large—20 to 40% larger than usual in cars its size. At slow car speed, Jewett's motor pulls easily through mud, sand, and uphill in high. It is not strained or overtaxed, because it is of ample size. So it stands up wonderfully.

With such reserve of power Jewett gets away quickly—five to twenty-five miles an hour in seven seconds. Few cars can match it. Yet its motor revolves moderately compared with the speed of the car. Another reason for long-lived power—fewer revolutions per mile. Front-end metal gears, burnished and carefully matched for extreme silence, add further to Jewett's enduring fine performance.

Inbuilt Endurance

Jewett is over-size in every part. It weighs 2805 pounds—200 to 400 pounds more than comparable cars. These extra pounds mean more finest quality steel, leather, rubber and wood—more expensive construction—long-lived satisfaction.

Over-size brakes; extra-deep frame; unusually long springs, 80% of the wheelbase; heavy duty axles front and rear. All these tell why Jewett in one billion miles of service has proven superb dependability. To change such a car just to cry "new" would be to ill-treat Jewett owners.

New Colors—New Comfort

Now, Lotus Blue bodies with Crimson stripings and Autumn Green bodies with Orange stripings give Jewett a new appeal to the eye—strikingly smart beauty.

And with balloon tires the always comfortable Jewett, due to its spring suspension and rugged construction, now rides more comfortably than ever. And the cushioned comfort of passengers tells you that the mechanism, too, is protected from road shocks—increasing Jewett endurance.

There is a Billion Mile Jewett in its bright new dress ready for you at a nearby dealer's. [647]

Proved JEWETT

PAIGE BUILT SIX

"ONE BILLION MILES BEYOND EXPERIMENT"

The Jewett Drivers' Column

Every day sees letters coming in from enthusiastic Jewett drivers. Here's one from Mr. S. D. Hodgson of Webster Groves, Mo., who says, after a trip across the state of Missouri: "*We drove four days in the rain, through newly graded roads, and at times we were dragging the car in the mud, in high gear at three miles an hour. We went through on our own power.*" He adds in a postscript, "*Two of our guests say they are going to trade their cars in for Jewetts.*" Well, Mr. Hodgson, that's the way many Jewett sales are made!

Now we'll jump all the way to New York state (you can do it with a Jewett, by the way!) and hearken to Mr. D. W. Asquith of Gainesville, who loaded up his Jewett with baggage and family for a 1200 mile trip. They covered mountains and straightaway and Mr. Asquith writes: "*Our driving time from Gainesville to Philadelphia was 15 hours and none of the party felt tired upon arriving at our destination. The most remarkable part of the trip was the fact we never shifted gears going or coming, except to start with.*" He closes with, "*This is our second Jewett. We had to use a car hard and pounded that first Jewett through fifteen thousand miles of mountains, but it stood up like a thoroughbred.*" And there's a hundred thousand others like you. Mr. Asquith!

Now let's cross over the state line to Paterson, New Jersey, and hear Mr. G. L. Payne's story: "*In regard to my Jewett car purchased from you less than six weeks ago, I have driven it over 4000 miles, over all kinds of roads and mountains. The car traveled over both [illegible]es of the Alleghany Mountains in high gear! It drives easier, has more pep and power than any other car I have owned this side of $3000. The worry-free satisfaction that comes from driving it is a good thing to know. I regret not having bought my Jewett sooner.*" And then to prove how pleased he is—he adds, "*Please refer to me at any time. We have decided to purchase a second Jewett, making two in the family.*" Well, that's mighty kind, Mr. Payne.

A Word in Edgewise

Continued from page 14

"I think," he began, "I have told you enough about the company that is behind the Earthworm tractor."

"Fine," said Zack. "Fine."

"And I think I have told you enough about the mechanical features of the tractor itself."

"You sure have, and now—"

"And now what you want to know is the amount of work that can be accomplished with one of these tractors. And I will tell you."

"Yes, but say, listen here, wait a minute, I want to—"

"You want to know how many acres a day you can plow. Well, sir, with a ten-ton Earthworm you have a sixty-horsepower motor, which gives you forty on the drawbar. You can pull six fourteen-inch plow bottoms at the rate of three miles an hour, covering thirty acres a day, and plowing eight inches deep. And if you use a disk—"

"I'll take your word for it. I'll take even *your* word for it. But, say—"

"MAYBE you don't believe it," said George, "but with a disk you can cover from forty to fifty acres a day. With the power pulley you can run the largest separator made. Thrash all your own wheat and your neighbors' wheat too. Ideal for ensilage cutter; for running portable saw mill. And for heavy hauling on rough roads."

I noticed Zack looking at me and at the boxes over in the corner.

"And all at very low cost," George continued. "For the Earthworm is the most economical tractor in the world, and I will tell you why."

"Gosh!" said Zack.

"First point," said George.

"Bring me them boxes," said Zack. I brought them.

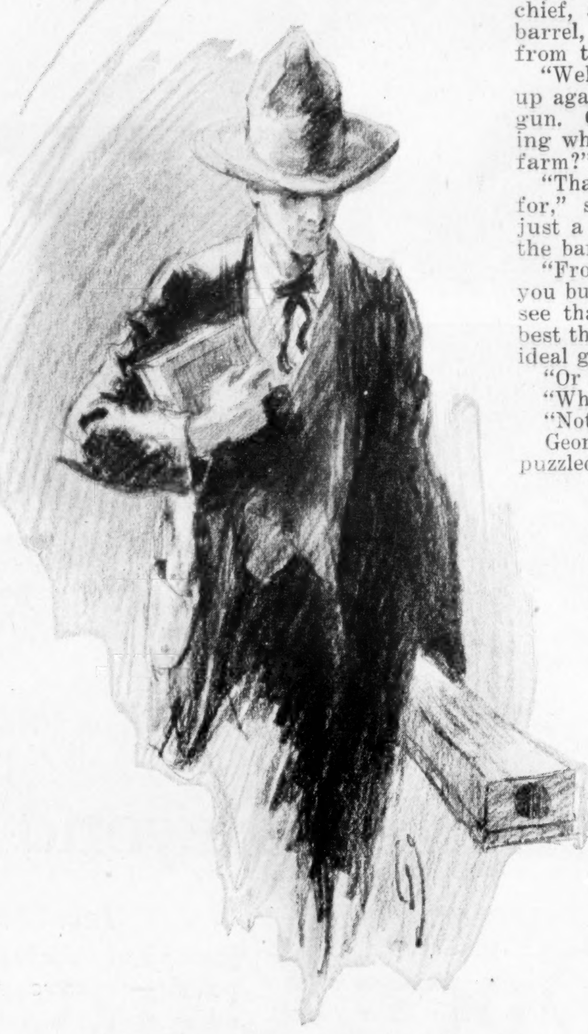
"First point," repeated George: "The Earthworm is economical because you have practically no breakage."

Zack cut the string on the long box.

"Other tractors may cost less in the first place. But as soon as you get them out doing hard work, what happens? A bolt shears here—a casting breaks there—repair bills begin to mount up—and you lose time from your work. But nothing like that with the Earthworm."

Zack got the paper off the package, took a look at his watch, and began to sort of mumble to himself. I couldn't get exactly what he said, but it sounded like, "Only fifteen minutes till train time. Gotta work fast."

This mumbling didn't bother George. He was getting better all the time. "No, sir," he said, "with an Earthworm, you need fear no breakage. Of course, if the unheard-of should happen, and you should break a part of your tractor, you could replace it at once right here. We have in our stockroom in the rear"—George waved his hand toward the rear of the building—"a spare-parts department second to none in the country. An ample supply of each and every part that goes to make up a tractor. They are kept there for your safety. Although, of course, there is practically no call for them. It would make you laugh to see the man in charge of spare parts. Sits around all day—laziest man this side of Alabama."



He had a west Texas look to him

By this time Zack was taking the cover off his box.

"And the secret of Earthworm durability lies in Earthworm quality—Hello, what you got there? A shotgun, eh? And a nice one too."

Zack took it out of the box, wiped it off with his handkerchief, and squinted down the barrel, which was separate from the stock.

"Well, sir," George started up again. "It's a nice-looking gun. Going to do some hunting when you get back to the farm?"

"That's what I bought it for," said Zack. He smiled just a little, and began to fit the barrel onto the stock.

"From the quality of gun you buy," said George, "I can see that you are out for the best there is. Now, that is an ideal gun to get a jackrabbit."

"Or a jackass."

"What?" asked George.

"Nothing."

George began to look a little puzzled, but he wasn't bothered enough to cramp his style at all. He kept right on, "And if you want the best there is in the way of a shotgun, I feel sure you will want the best there is in the way of a tractor—in other words, the Earthworm."

Zack finished assembling the gun and laid it on the table. Then he cut the string on the small chunky box and began unwrapping that.

"Very kind of you to show me your gun," said George. "It sure is a peach. If you take care of that gun, it will last you a lifetime. Why? Because it is made of the right stuff. And if you take care of one of our tractors, it will last you a lifetime. Why? Because it is made of the right stuff."

"Look," Zack cut in. "I've got shells in this box."

"Very interesting. I have shown you that the first reason for the low upkeep cost of our machine lies in the high grade of material used. The second reason is the design."

"Look." Zack slipped a shell into the chamber. "It's all ready to shoot."

But George was so busy shooting his own line that he had no time to consider this other kind of shooting apparatus.

"I will now explain in detail the design of the motor, and why it insures a low consumption of fuel."

"But I don't want to hear about that," Zack began. "I'm in a hurry, and I want to buy a tractor. I want to sign up for one and get home. I want—"

"Exactly so, exactly so. You want to get a tractor. And that is just the reason I want you to hear about our motor. It's a peach. The finest motor in the world, and I will tell you—"

"No, you won't!"

Zack planted the end of the gun on the second button of George's vest and shoved George back into the corner.

"What the—"

"Shut up," said Zack kind of gentle and quiet. "Not a word."

"What do you want?" asked George.

"I want you to keep that mouth shut." Zack talked slow, and he talked easy, but he sounded as if he meant it, and he had a funny little way of fluttering the finger on the trigger.

"Listen," said Zack. George listened. "I want to buy a tractor. Get out your order blanks."

George took a breath and opened his mouth.

"SHUT that mouth," said Zack. The mouth went shut, and out came the order blanks. "Now, fix your carbon, and get out your pencil. And remember, not a peep, not a twitter. All right, put me down for one ten-ton Earthworm tractor, current specifications, standard equipment. To be delivered at once to Zachary Taylor Allen, Matador, Motley County, Tex. Terms, cash. Here is my check for five hundred dollars deposit. The rest I will pay on delivery. Where do I sign? Good. Just one question—can you ship it out this week? Answer yes or no."

"Yes," said George.

"Good-by." And with the gun in one hand and the box of ammunition in the other, Mr. Zachary Taylor Allen slipped out the door.

George leaned against the wall in the corner for about five minutes. He seemed too weak to utter a note. But slowly he seemed to revive a little. Finally, his eye lit on the order.

"Look!" he yelled. "Signed him up for a ten-ton! I tell you, I got the sales talk that wins. Come on in and I'll read you that article on 'Methods of a Master Salesman.' Explains all about how I do it."

Friends of Mr. Sweeney

Continued from page 16

the sound of heavy feet tramping in the corridor.

Holliday went out into the anteroom and switched on the light; and instantly a voice roared: "Open up there! This is the police."

He opened the door, and a sergeant and two patrolmen tumbled into the anteroom just as Brumbaugh and the princess emerged from the inner corridor.

"Thank heaven!" said Brumbaugh. "Safe at last, unless— Is the building on fire?"

"That's what we're trying to find out," the sergeant told him. "So you people stay right here while we go through this floor."

But Holliday had already slipped back to his own office, where the prisoner, hanging back, was twisting fiercely and vainly at the telephone cord that bound his wrists.

"Here," said Holliday, "stand still!"

He snatched a pair of shears from his desk and cut the cords.

"Out back there, quick. Straight down the corridor. There's a way out to the freight elevator that Mr. Brumbaugh doesn't know. Unless the police caught your friends there, you may get away."

"Thanks, brother. You're white."

"No whiter than anybody else," Holliday confessed, "but if you knew Mr. Brumbaugh as well as I do, you'd be ready to do a little favor to a man who had threatened to bend something over his bean."

But the prisoner had already vanished into the darkness as Brumbaugh and the police sergeant came down the corridor.

"Where's the burglar?" Brumbaugh gasped.

"Yes, indeed," said Holliday severely. "Why did you let him get away while I went out to turn on the light?"

Brumbaugh's jaw dropped. "I—I forgot all about him—"

"Then you people all come out in front," said the sergeant, "so you won't forget anybody else while I go through this dump."

But as they reached the anteroom the outer door opened again to admit a tall man in evening dress, a battered silk hat tilted on the back of his glossy bald head; with a shabby youth in an old brown overcoat close beside him.

"Tell it to the commissioner," said the sergeant.

Brumbaugh ran forward eagerly. "Why, Mr. Prime!"

Brumbaugh's astonishment at seeing Prime was not half so great as Prime's astonishment at seeing Brumbaugh—and the princess behind him. He threw a questioning glance at her; she shook her head.

"Well, well!" he said cheerfully. Then, in a whisper—"No names; this boy's a City News reporter. I'll keep you and the princess out of the story." Aloud: "Well, well! How did this happen?"

STUMBLINGLY Brumbaugh told him the story. "So we owe our lives," he finished, "to you—and also to our Mr. Holliday." He gestured toward the pudgy man with a toothbrush mustache who stood silent and haughty in the background.

"He seems to have behaved very well—" Prime began generously, when the reporter pulled his coat sleeve.

"Commissioner! I got all this stuff, but if the story is to make the second editions I got to get the first part of it straighter—"

"Ah, yes." The Hon. Stephen cleared his throat. "Well, I was coming up Fourth Avenue, driving my own car as I usually do (everybody knows my car), when I noticed signs of activity in the Firdausi Building. Knowing that to-morrow was a holiday, I couldn't understand it. So I drove over in front of the building, left my car, and looked around. I could see at once what was going on.

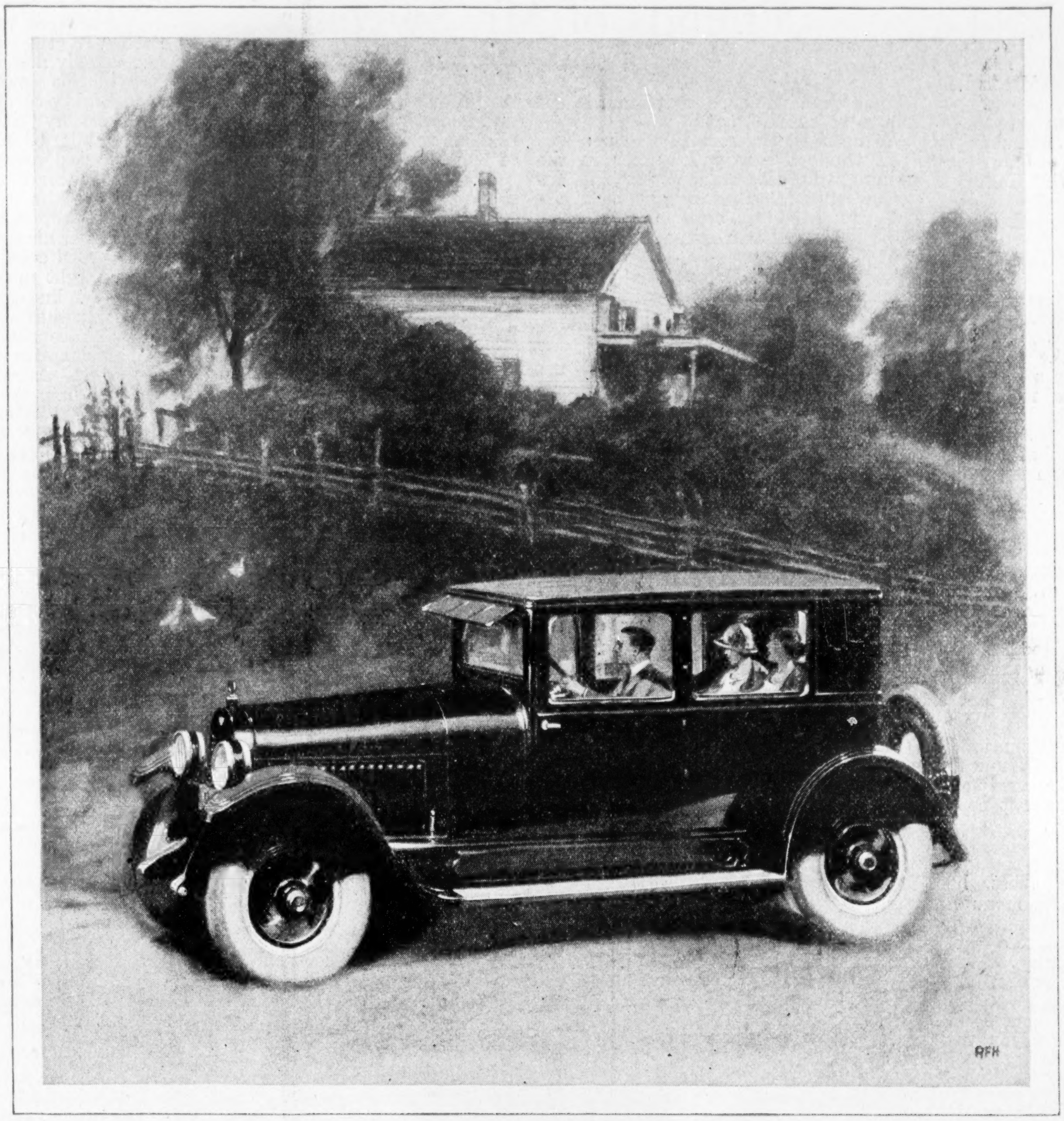
"But there were ten or twelve men in the gang, and though I carry a gun, of course, I'm frank to say I didn't like to face so many single-handed. There was no telephone in the lobby, and I didn't like to take the time to drive to the nearest police station. So I turned in a fire alarm at the box beside the elevator, and then went around the corner to see if I could hold the robbers till help arrived.

"Of course the gongs ringing in the building gave them warning, and as I came around to the side entrance they were piling into the truck and making their getaway. But just then Sergeant McClenahan came up—give him plenty of credit in this—"

Sergeant McClenahan had come back from his vain search for Holliday's prisoner in time to nod approvingly.

"If it hadn't been for Mr. Prime," he said, "they'd have looted that silk store till there was nothing left but the window shades. As it is, I don't think

(*Continued on page 24*)



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The Improved Hudson Coach

The Easiest Steering and Riding Hudson Ever Built

This Hudson Coach is the first closed car ever to sell at exactly open car cost. And Hudson, alone, can build it. As the largest producer of 6-cylinder closed cars in the world, Hudson exclusively holds the advantages to create this car and this price.

With Genuine Balloon Tires

And now genuine balloon tires are standard equipment. Do not confuse with "semi-balloon" types.

Note, too, that Hudson has not simply "added balloon tires." Both running and steering gear have been specially designed to compensate for the radical differences balloon tires bring. The result is the easiest steering, most comfortable and steadiest riding Hudson ever built. And braking efficiency is almost doubled.

More than ever, "Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost" is the uppermost buying issue. Note how fast the Coach is displacing open cars. As the wanted type the Coach maintains the highest resale value against the waning desirability of the open car.

Why Buy an Open Car?

Friends of Mr. Sweeney

Continued from page 22

they have got away with very much."

"Better look through the building, Sergeant," Prime suggested. He turned to Brumbaugh, speculating.

"Even here, it seems, they'd come in to cut the telephone wire before you arrived. Did they crack your safe too?"

"Good Heavens!" said Brumbaugh. "I didn't think to look."

"They wouldn't," said Holliday. "They were after valuables."

The office safe was closed, locked, and apparently intact.

"They didn't disturb it," said Brumbaugh thankfully.

"You can't tell," said Prime.

For he had made up his mind that there was only one thing to do. He must be bold. He must take a chance, but he was playing for big stakes. If they could once get that safe open, he and Olga would get their hands on Dubnitzky's manuscript somehow. Thanks to the Hon. Stephen's tact, Brumbaugh's name had been kept out of the papers; there would be no spreading of the news that Brumbaugh had been out with the Princess Araxine. That, thought the Hon. Stephen, should appeal to Brumbaugh's gratitude. And if Brumbaugh wouldn't be grateful, he could be scared. They could handle Brumbaugh.

"You can't tell," he repeated. "Better open it up and see if anything is missing."

Olga started, then flashed him a quick smile.

"I—I've forgotten the combination," Brumbaugh confessed. "I did know it, but so many things have happened this evening that I can't remember it now. Open it up, Holliday."

"No," said Mr. Holliday.

ARMS folded across his chest, he gazed at them sternly. Brumbaugh gasped. Olga gasped. The Hon. Stephen felt like a general taken in flank at the moment of victory. This face—surely he had seen it before. At the Superior Club—

"What?" Brumbaugh sputtered. "Holliday, I can't understand you tonight. Open it up."

"I thought you'd fired me."

"Don't be silly. I haven't."

"So I'm still our Mr. Holliday? Then, as an editor of the 'Balance,' I don't propose to let an outsider look into our safe. Why does he want to look into it? The thing hasn't been touched—that's perfectly plain. Why does he want to pry into our affairs? He can't do it. I won't let him."

"Why?" Brumbaugh demanded.

"Because it's none of his business."

"Come on," said the Hon. Stephen sharply. "No more nonsense. Open it up, in the name of the law."

"No," said Holliday.

Prime glared at him with all the majesty of outraged authority. "Look here. Do you know who I am? I'm Stephen Prime, special deputy police commissioner."

"Know who you are? Of course I know who you are. You're Steve Prime, bucket-shop broker; Steve Prime, who comes across for campaign funds; Steve Prime, who may—and may not—be nominated for governor. Name of the law? Hah! You've got no more right to look into our safe than we have to look into yours, and a good deal less reason. We never burned our books, as you did once—oh, yes, we know all about that office you had in Boston, back in 1908. I don't know what you want in our safe, but I know you're not going to get it. You flatter us by assuming that anything we possess could be dangerous to anybody, but you're not going to get it. I know who you are."

"Well, who the hell are you?" bellowed the Hon. Stephen.

"Me?" Ace Holliday's nostrils quivered, his toothbrush mustache stood on end. "Me? I—I'm a friend of Mr. Sweeney."

Sweeney! Again the name fell coldly on the Hon. Stephen's ear, its threefold repetition like the distant tolling of a funeral bell. Sweeney. He couldn't think of any Sweeney whose name might carry such magic power, but everywhere there is a Man Higher Up. And New York is a large town; nobody can know all the somebodies. A man who has had his share of ups and downs has to be careful.

So he must try something else.

"I think I saw you earlier in the evening," he said softly. "At the Superior Club. Brumbaugh—certainly you saw him too, and you, Princess. With a big red-haired man."

They nodded.

"Ah!" said the Hon. Stephen comfortably. "You stole my car, you and this other fellow. It's grand larceny, you know . . . . Now will you open that safe?"

"Stole your car?" repeated Holliday suavely. "Why, Mr. Prime, didn't I understand that you were coming up Fourth Avenue, driving your own car, when you noticed that a robbery was being pulled off in the Firdausi Building? Surely that was what you told the reporter. It will be in all the morning papers—they're probably on the street now. Must you have to explain that you didn't discover the robbery—that what you told the reporter, in the presence of witnesses, was all a romance? Oh, no, Mr. Prime. That wouldn't do, in a candidate for the governorship."

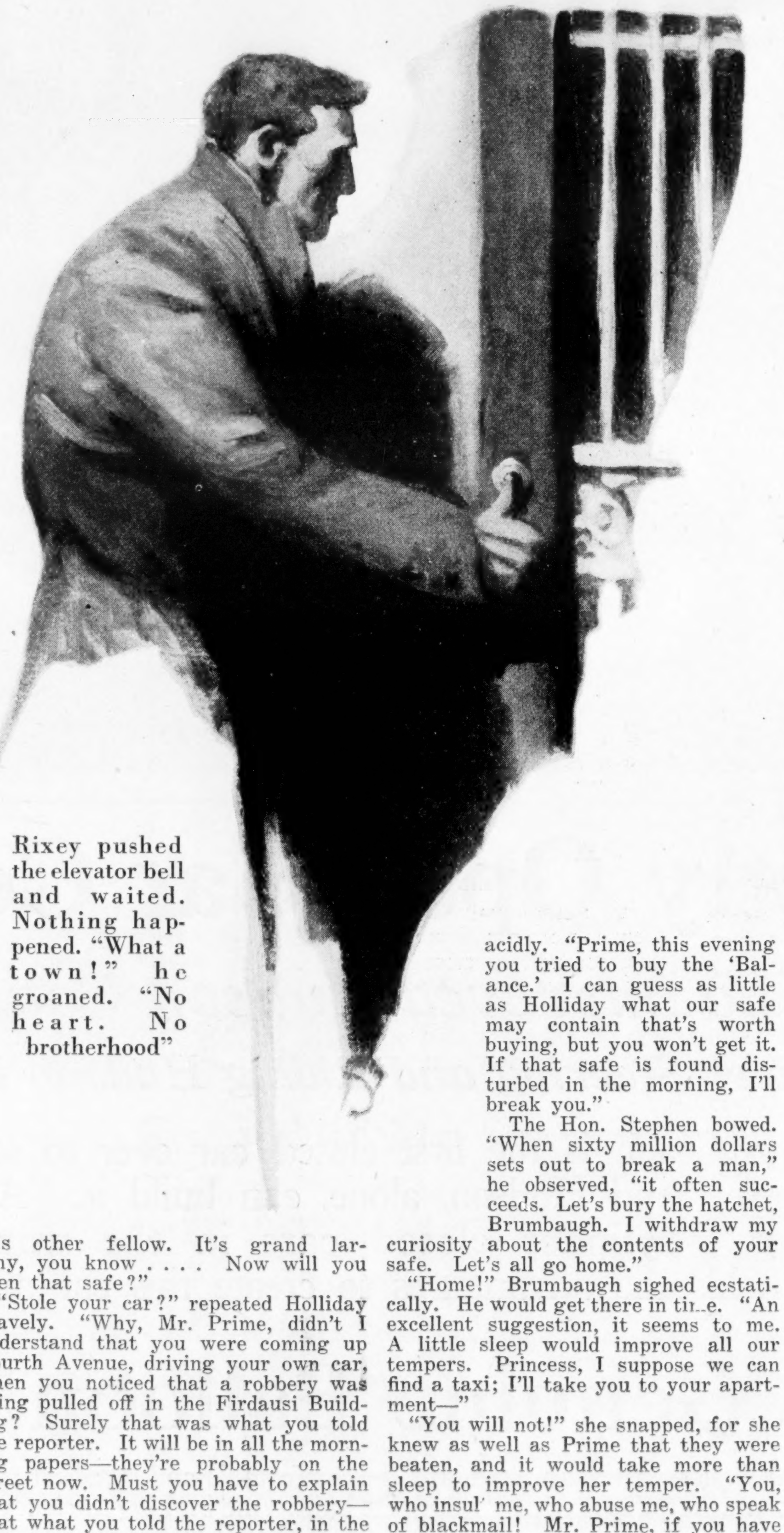
THE Hon. Stephen's glossy face was running little trickles of cold sweat. There was only one more argument, and he knew it. But Holliday knew it too, and had been waiting for it. As the Hon. Stephen's hand went into his pocket, Holliday's hand came out of his pocket, and the muzzle of his automatic pointed at the Hon. Stephen's shirt front.

"Stick 'em up," he commanded. "Now turn around. There!" He took Prime's gun and dropped it into his own pocket. "I seem to be making quite a collection of these things this evening."

"You've just committed assault and robbery," Prime warned him.

"What did you commit, when you tried to pull a gun to make us open up our safe? No, no, Commissioner. We have witnesses."

"We certainly have," said Brumbaugh acidly. "Prime, this evening you tried to buy the 'Balance.' I can guess as little as Holliday what our safe may contain that's worth buying, but you won't get it. If that safe is found disturbed in the morning, I'll break you."



Rixey pushed the elevator bell and waited. Nothing happened. "What a town!" he groaned. "No heart. No brotherhood"

The Hon. Stephen bowed. "When sixty million dollars sets out to break a man," he observed, "it often succeeds. Let's bury the hatchet, Brumbaugh. I withdraw my curiosity about the contents of your safe. Let's all go home."

"Home!" Brumbaugh sighed ecstatically. He would get there in time. "An excellent suggestion, it seems to me. A little sleep would improve all our tempers. Princess, I suppose we can find a taxi; I'll take you to your apartment—"

"You will not!" she snapped, for she knew as well as Prime that they were beaten, and it would take more than sleep to improve her temper. "You, who insult me, who abuse me, who speak of blackmail! Mr. Prime, if you have captured all the robbers, would you be kind enough to take me home?"

"With pleasure," said the Hon. Stephen, offering his arm. The evening had not been a complete disaster, after all.

They swept out; the door closed behind them.

"Well, Holliday?" Brumbaugh suggested. Holliday, an arm thrust in the breast of his coat, checked him with a Napoleonic stare. "Go on home, Mr. Brumbaugh. I'll close up the office."

At two o'clock in the morning Winthrop Rixey climbed aboard a westbound train in the Pennsylvania Station and went to bed with his shoes on.

At the same hour Asaph Holliday slowly mounted the long flight of stairs to his walk-up apartment in West Eighty-second Street. He was tired—terribly tired and sleepy; the great exhilaration of the glorious evening had passed away, leaving nothing but the cold certainty that Brumbaugh would have him fired.

Then, as he reached the corridor that led to his own apartment, Mr. Holliday turned cold with fear at sight of a line of light under the door.

He knew, as he turned his key in the lock, that it wasn't a burglar.

Alice sat bolt upright, straight and uncompromising, beside the library table—Alice in a quilted dressing gown, her hair braided down her back.

"Ah!" she said. "At last!"

The soul of Ace Holliday rose up and stormed the last line of trenches. "Why not?" he said coolly. "How do you happen to be back so soon?"

"How? I didn't go to the night session. I took the seven-o'clock train instead. I thought I'd surprise you. . . . And I did! Asaph, where have you been?"

Mr. Holliday was taking off his muffler and overcoat and rubbers. "Out," he said briefly.

"Asaph! I don't—I can't understand. You were never like this before. Are you ill? . . . . Oh, Asaph, have you been drinking?"

"Alice! Never call me Asaph again. My name is Ace."

"Oh, you have been drinking! I—"

HER voice died into a croak as Mr. Holliday reached absently into his coat pockets and brought out two heavy black objects that he threw with a clatter on the table. "Revolvers!" Alice gasped. She stared at him in wild horror. "I don't know what to make of you, Asaph. I don't know you. You seem like a stranger. Who—"

He interrupted her with a chuckle.

"Who? I'm a friend of Mr. Sweeney."

"I knew it," she wailed. "Oh, Asaph, I'll never dare to leave you alone again. What would they say on the magazine if they heard of this? You must be mad to throw away all we've won by such hard work—the confidence of Mr. Folsom, association with splendid people like the Brumbaughs, our cultured society—all for one night's roystering with this ruffian Sweeney. I never even heard of him. I can't understand it. When I gave up the night session just because I thought you—you might be lonesome without me—"

There were tears in her voice, but Mr. Holliday knew that this was no moment for weakness. "Alice!" he said sharply. "Look at me."

She stopped and faced him, tearful.

"Alice, so far I have tried to be temperate, to shun violence of expression, to avoid extremes. Now I must sound the note of authority. I've told you not to call me Asaph again. My friends call me Ace.

"When you're in town, my dear, I delight in your company. But when you're away, and I don't know that you're coming back on an early train, I'll be damned if I'll sit around all evening at the Nonpartisan Club getting the President's message by radio, or reading the city charter. I've had enough of a puny and pious life. It's all right for a steady diet, but now and then a man needs something pernicious and dread. I'm tired of a cultured society. As for splendid people like the Brumbaughs—well, I could tell you things about Brumbaugh—

"At any rate, Alice, let it be understood, now and hereafter, that I am captain of my soul. If you want to come along on that basis, as captain of your own soul, and honored guest in the captain's cabin aboard my soul, all right. If not—"

He paused and confronted her, his arm thrust in his coat.

"If not?" she gasped.

"Well, I'm still a friend of Mr. Sweeney."

"But, Ace!" she stumbled over the name, but managed it. "I didn't under-

(*Continued on page 26*)

A thief you can't see robs you every winter

Common, everyday air that is all around you is a downright thief when it gets into a steam heating system. But Hoffman Vacuum Valves will keep this air out and give you a new experience in heat comfort

THERE is a constant struggle between steam and air for the possession of a radiator. If steam pressure relaxes for an instant, air is right there on the job ready to rush back. It gets in through your present venting valves put there to let air out. The next time you want heat in a radiator you must drive this air out again, because air and steam can't occupy a radiator or any other space for that matter at the same time.

It costs money to drive air out of radiators. In most houses heated by steam this has to be done several times a day. The fuel wasted for this purpose alone can assume staggering proportions. We all know what fuel costs these days. But this heat thief not only robs you of your money; it robs you, at the same time, of heat comfort.

This air in radiators is usually to blame for a chilly dining-room in the morning before sufficient steam pressure drives it out. Air is the sinner that forces us to have rooms as cold as a tomb one hour and stifling hot the next.

Everyone wants flexible heat

WHAT everyone also wants is a range of heat that matches the outside weather! Red-hot steam on bitter cold days—hot steam on cold days—warm steam on mild days. You can have each on call whenever wanted. And all it involves is to change the valves that are on the ends of your radiators to release air.

George D. Hoffman, inventor of the famous Hoffman No. 1 Air Valve known everywhere as "The Watchman of the Coal Pile" has invented a new type of valve, the No. 2 Vacuum Valve that not only releases the air from the radiator as freely and as certainly as the No. 1 valve, but accomplishes far more. It automatically prevents the return of air to the radiator through the valve. It "vacuumizes" your steam heating plant.

What does this new valve mean to you? It simply means that if every radiator has a Hoffman Vacuum Valve, your steam heating system will be changed to a vacuum system. It means that even with a low fire you have heat sufficient for ordinary winter days.

Save fuel and get more heat

ANY steamfitter can install these valves. When this is done, and it can all be done in a few hours, you have vacuum heat. You will be amazed at the change.

It will be hard to believe that after all these years of fighting and fussing with drafts and paying staggering coal bills, those little valves at the end of radiators have been to blame after all.

The Hoffman Vacuum Valve stands guard night and day against the "heat thief"—the air that sneaks back into the radiators and is the chief cause of unsatisfactory heat and wasted fuel.

Even a single valve will help

EVEN a single valve on one of your radiators will make that radiator heat up more quickly and stay hot longer after the fire is banked. A complete installation on all your radiators will give a uniformly comfortable house every single day this winter—and at a big fuel saving.

Take the first step toward that comfort and saving by mailing today the coupon for the fascinating booklet, "Locking the Door against the Heat Thief."

The glass tea pot test

TO DEMONSTRATE in a simple way how locking out the air insures comfort and saves fuel, a glass tea pot of cold water is placed on the stove, the lid sealed, and a Hoffman Vacuum Valve attached to the spout. We use glass so as to observe clearly what happens.

The air outlet remains open until the water boils and all the air in the tea pot is expelled by the steam generated just as in a radiator. As soon as steam comes to the valve, the valve port closes. Then the tea pot is taken off the stove. The water gradually cools and the boiling stops.

The Hoffman Vacuum Valve now being closed, there is no way for air to enter and fill the space left vacant by the condensation of the steam. A *vacuum* is produced. Remember, the water has now cooled down way below the normal atmospheric boiling point of 212 degrees. Yet the *instant* that we light a single match and hold it below the kettle the water immediately commences boiling.

This illustrates the operation of a steam heating plant under vacuum conditions. Hoffman Vacuum Valves release the air from radiators when steam pressure comes up but they don't let the air back when steam pressure goes down. The next time steam is generated, it is done in a partial vacuum. Consequently the water boils at a lower temperature. As there is no air in the pipes to obstruct its passage, this steam *immediately* fills the radiators and warms them. If the pipes were full of air, the steam would first be obliged to drive the air out.

The less air there is in the system, the quicker radiators heat and the longer they stay hot.

ONE WAY
STOP
GO
STOP
HOFFMAN SP
HOFFMAN SPE
PATENTED

HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC.
512 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Main Office and Factory: Waterbury, Conn.
Branches: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles.
In Canada: CRANE, LIMITED, *branches in principal cities.*

Mail this coupon NOW!

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC.
512 5th Avenue,
New York City. Dept. E

The house I occupy has steam heat. I should like to know what it would cost to equip it with Hoffman Vacuum Valves so that I too can enjoy the advantages of a "vacuumized" system. Will you kindly send me the booklet, "Locking the Door against the Heat Thief," without any obligation on my part?

Name ....
Street ....
City .... *State* ....

Friends of Mr. Sweeney

Continued from page 24

stand—about the revolvers, and everything. But I didn't mean—you wouldn't leave me, would you?"

"Not for a million dollars," he assured her, folding her in his arms. "You know, Alice, we're too damn clever to bore ourselves with a cultured society. Come down to the Superior Club some evening; you'd like it too. Now sit in my lap and I'll tell you where I got those guns."

She settled down somewhat uncertainly. "Ace," she murmured chokily, "will you promise me something—just one little thing?"

"What is it?" he inquired cautiously.

"Promise me that you will never have anything more to do with Mr. Sweeney."

He grinned. "If you insist. It's a bargain, Alice. From now on I put Sweeney out of my life forever. But he was a good fellow, in his time."

IT WAS lucky that they had the idleness of Lincoln's Birthday to ratify their reconciliation, for even in the expurgated story of the night's happenings that Holliday gave her there was much that Alice couldn't understand. For that matter, there was much that Mr. Holliday couldn't understand himself, and least of all the revolution in his own soul.

But it had happened—a revolution as complete and final as the one that had exiled the nobility of Dragovina. How complete it was he realized, as the day wore on, from the fact that he was not disturbed at all by the prospective loss of his job. That was to-morrow's worry; he had plenty to keep him busy to-day.

For example, there was a front-page story in the morning paper that began:

"The coolness and courage of Special Deputy Police Commissioner Stephen Prime were responsible for the breaking up, shortly before midnight, of one of the most audacious and carefully planned burglaries in the history of New York.

"Mr. Prime was driving up Fourth Avenue, alone in his car—"

With the turnover, it ran to nearly three columns. On another part of the front page there was a brief item headed: "Prime Not a Candidate, He Says:"

"Special Deputy Police Commissioner Stephen Prime announced early this morning that under no circumstances would he allow his name to be used in connection with the governorship or any other public office. 'I can do no more,' he said, 'than to repeat the conclusive language of General Sherman—"if nominated I will not be a candidate, and if elected I will not serve." My private business requires my undivided attention and I am not disposed to give it up to seek political honors.'

"Political observers were surprised by Mr. Prime's announcement, as it seemed that he would have little effective opposition for the gubernatorial nomination."

"Certainly," thought Holliday, "there must be something in that safe."

But when he went to the office next day to learn that he hadn't been fired—yet, at any rate—he couldn't find anything in the safe that might explain Prime's renunciation; so after lunch he ventured to say something to Folsom.

Folsom shook his head. "I can't imagine anything we know that would frighten him," he admitted. "That Boston story, of course, is common property—so old it's forgotten. Yet I sincerely hope that the 'Balance' deserves some credit for Prime's withdrawal from politics. A rascally person—rascally. . . . Well, never mind. What did you write about the European situation?"

Holliday inferred, then, that Brumbaugh hadn't talked to Folsom; but probably he would still be fired when either of them saw next week's issue with his article on "What Next in Europe." Still, he might as well postpone his finish as long as possible.

"Oh, I wrote just what anybody would write," he said vaguely. "A sort of general commentary."

"Well enough. Just so it suits Mr. Brumbaugh."

Folsom paused, then resumed with a diffidence that was almost shamefaced: "By the way, has Mr. Brumbaugh said anything to you lately about the fund for relief in Dragovina?"

"Nothing special," said Holliday cautiously.

Folsom took off his glasses and polished them with averted eyes; he seemed curiously embarrassed.

"Holliday," he said at last, "I'm afraid my memory isn't so good as it used to be. I—this is in the strictest confidence. I'm afraid we've been imposed on in this matter of the Dragovina relief fund. A man who was familiar with its workings wrote me a long account of it—a sort of deathbed confession. Poor chap, he's gone now! It seems the whole thing was a blind to cover the raising of funds for that revolution that failed last month. A most disreputable affair. Mr. Brumbaugh has been terribly imposed on."

Help Us, Collier's Readers!

We need your advice.

Collier's is working on a "Moral Code," or conduct guide, in the hope that every public school in the country will be glad to place it on its walls. The idea has been warmly greeted by such well-known religious leaders as Bishop Manning, Cardinal Hayes, Bishop McConnell, and others representative of various sects. This is how one man feels about it:

> Christian Scientists are in favor of ethics or morals as a subject for teaching in public schools. We would say that ethics or morals can be taught without offending parents who hold different views. Indeed, we would go further and say that something can be done in public schools without getting into doctrinal or sectarian difficulties to inculcate appreciation of and interest in religion. Surely there must be within the scope of ethics or morals much that can be safely taught in public schools as being essential to the American standard of citizenship and education.
>
> CLIFFORD P. SMITH,
> Chairman, Committee on Publication of The First Church of Christ, Scientist.

Help us to think out an ideal code. Send your suggestion. Be specific. Be brief. What should Americans teach their children?

"Hurrah!" said Holliday. "Then I'll never have to write about the thing again."

"Holliday, I lost the manuscript. I took it home with me; I was reading it on the ferryboat; and I'm afraid I must have thrown it overboard, thinking it was the evening paper. Very unfortunate. For of course the author is dead. I'm afraid I'm getting old, Holliday. I wish I could afford to retire and write my recollections of a busy life."

"You aren't old, Mr. Folsom."

"Now, now, Holliday—I'm not a fool. Well, it's lost, anyway. I know Mr. Brumbaugh would have been terribly chagrined at the news, for Mr. Brumbaugh has his pride. Without the written evidence, I—I don't dare tell him. But, Holliday!"

"Yes, sir," said Holliday promptly, for Folsom's voice had a military ring.

"When next Mr. Brumbaugh suggests that you write something in praise of the fund, send him to me. I'll tell him, then. And before we publish anything more in behalf of this scurvy pseudo-charity, I shall leave the 'Balance'."

"Me too, Mr. Folsom."

BUT they heard nothing from Brumbaugh. In the next few days nobody heard anything from him. He was not seen at his office or his clubs. When Sunday came he even stayed away from church, which led all the papers to send reporters to his house to find out if the illness were serious. The butler told them that Mr. Brumbaugh was quite well, but hadn't felt like going to church; which was news in itself.

But the "Balance" had no word from Mr. Brumbaugh, and a few days later it was announced that the Fund for Relief in Dragovina had gone out of business.

Then appeared the issue of the "Balance" containing Holliday's remarks on what next in Europe. Of course they didn't sound so well when he read them as when he was writing them; but still they made a good upstanding editorial, with a swing and vigor unknown to the "Balance." Holliday waited for Folsom's verdict, but it was mild.

"I—I wonder what Mr. Brumbaugh will think about this, Holliday."

"He'll let us know," Holiday observed. "I made it plain to him that I had written it on my own responsibility—that you hadn't seen it."

"I am responsible," said Folsom dryly. "But no doubt it will be satisfactory. It's a little more downright than he likes, but I'm not sure that that's a mistake. Anyway, it's on the news stands now."

And that was all till three days later, when the missing Mr. Brumbaugh suddenly came back to life by way of a telephone call.

"Oh, Mr. Holliday, I wonder if you're free for dinner this evening."

"Why, yes, Mr. Brumbaugh."

"Then come up and dine with me at the Athenæum, will you? It's a matter of business."

Holliday couldn't understand why Brumbaugh should feed him and then fire him, nor did he know of any other matter of business they might discuss. Nevertheless he was there. Brumbaugh met him with diffidence, and wouldn't talk till they had retired to the lounge after dinner.

"Er—Holliday, I've been hearing a good deal about your article on the European situation. There has been quite a good deal of discussion of it about the club, I find."

"Yes, Mr. Brumbaugh?"

"Everyone seems much impressed with it," said Brumbaugh in a rush of confidence. "Favorably impressed. It had the note of authority. . . . And perhaps that's what we need most. After all, a critical weekly which doesn't print news must stand or fall by the vigor of its comment. I believe you were right, Holliday. It isn't what you say, but the way you say it."

"I think so, Mr. Brumbaugh. And I suspect Mr. Folsom thinks so too."

"Mr. Folsom," said Brumbaugh, "is of course primarily a man of letters. A very remarkable man. I know he's been wanting for a long time to retire from active service and write his recollections of a busy life. So I thought perhaps I might make him honorary editor, or editor emeritus, or something of the sort—virtually let him retire on full pay. That would leave him free to write his recollections, and others to conduct the 'Balance'."

Mr. Holliday's heart began to thump.

"And of course," said Brumbaugh, "you're familiar with the magazine. You have the note of authority. Would you be interested in it, Holliday?"

Though the world was whirling dizzily about him, Mr. Holliday retained sufficient presence of mind to realize that he mustn't be too interested.

"Why, under some conditions. It would be understood, of course, that I'd receive the same salary as Folsom—"

"Oh, yes, that would be understood."

"With increases in proportion to the decrease of the deficit."

"I think we could manage that," said Brumbaugh.

"And of course it would be understood that I should have absolute control of policy."

"Well—er—there might be some suggestions—"

Mr. Holliday looked his angel in the eye. "Mr. Brumbaugh, you could edit the 'Balance.' I could edit the 'Balance.' But two men interfering with each other can't edit the 'Balance.' It isn't sufficiently well balanced, yet, for that. . . . For example, if I become editor, the 'Balance' will never say another word in favor of the exiled nobility of Dragovina."

"Dragovina!" Brumbaugh burst out. "I never want to hear of the place again. . . . Then you'll take it?"

"I'll take it on those terms. And one more. If we still have a deficit, after I've been editor for a year, I want you to fire me."

"All right," Brumbaugh laughed. "And, Holliday! I want to suggest an expenditure for office furniture. Buy a cushion for that long bench in the anteroom. I'll pay for it. That bench is inhumanly hard. . . ."

IN THE Bohemian Club, in San Francisco, Winthrop Rixey was talking to a newspaper editor who sat with a copy of the "Balance" in his lap.

"Ever read this magazine?" asked the editor.

"Now and then."

"It's come up amazingly in the last few weeks. New man running it, I believe. It's lively, dogmatic, forceful—not quite so judicial as it used to be or so accurate, but it has the note of authority. I hear it's gaining circulation like a house afire."

"That so? Who's editing it?"

"Folsom used to edit it. Well, you know Folsom's reputation. Everybody knows Folsom's reputation. He's old and wise, and knows there are two sides to everything. But he's retired now, to the refined seclusion of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. The new man can't see any side but his own on any subject, and he gets a flock of new readers every week."

"That so? Who's the new man?"

"Fellow named Holliday. I don't know his first name—it's A. Holliday on the letterhead."

"Oh," said Rixey expansively, "I know him. Ace Holliday. I roomed with him in college."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, indeed. Good guy, Ace. I had dinner with him when I was in New York last month—before he was promoted. He didn't even see it coming, then."

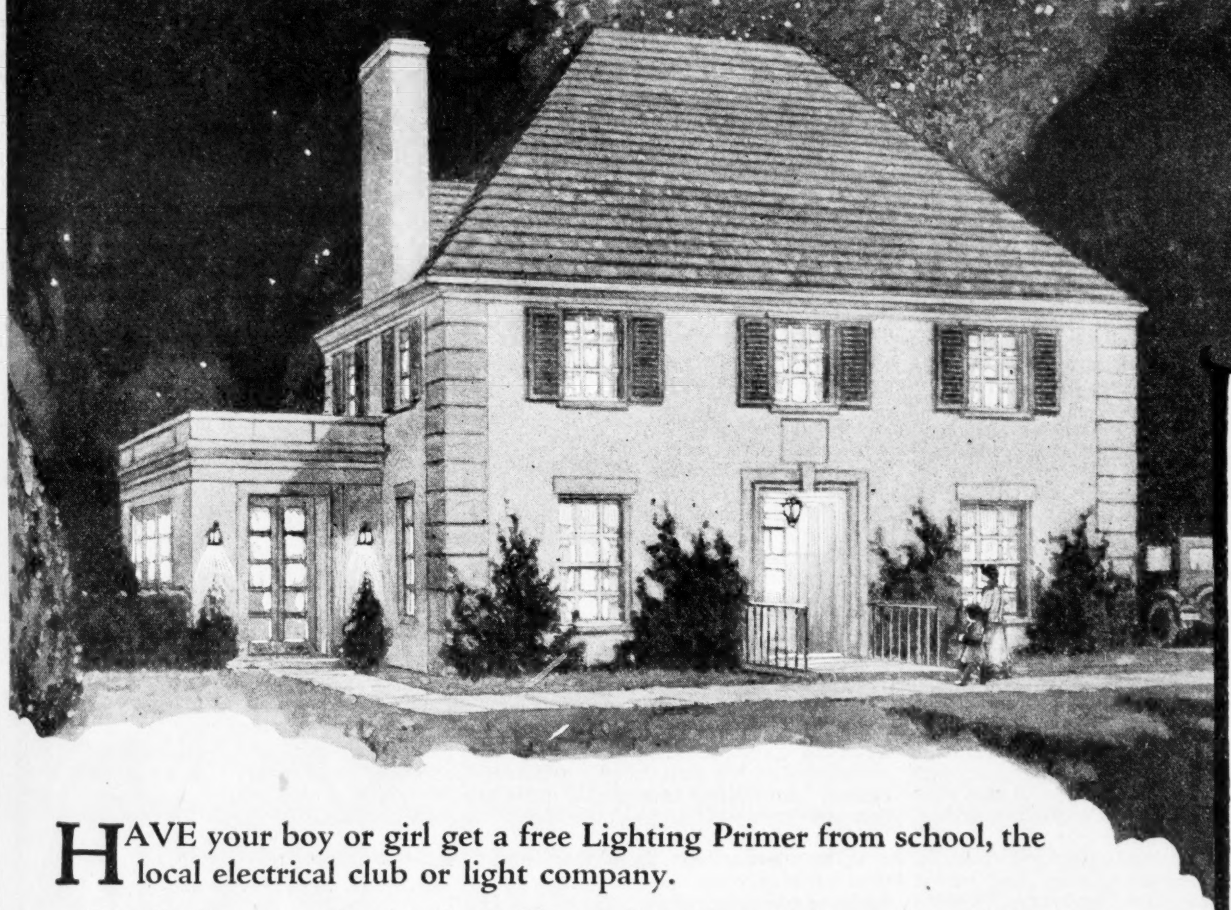
"What's he like?"

"Well," said Rixey, "he's a good fellow, and all that, but he's like all these New Yorkers. Took me out to dinner at one of these piratical night clubs—a cover-charge palace where the prices knock your eye out; we both got full of champagne, went out and rode around town—he staggered up to his office and lay down on a desk somewhere and went to sleep. I had to go off and leave him there.

"You wouldn't think, to read the 'Balance,' that its editor went around roaring drunk every night, but I tell you, New York is a tough town."

THE END

Your Own Child *may win this $15,000 electrical home!*



INTERNATIONAL PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE—
$15,000 Model Electrical Home
(To be built on lot provided by winner)

TWO SECOND PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$1200 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

TWO THIRD PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$600 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

TWO FOURTH PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$600 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

TWO FIFTH PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$300 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

TWO SIXTH PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$300 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

REMEMBER: To enter the Home Lighting Contest, your child must obtain a copy of this "Home Lighting Primer" from school or your local electrical people.

HAVE your boy or girl get a free Lighting Primer from school, the local electrical club or light company.

It tells how to win this beautiful model electrical home, contains a complete series of illustrated lessons on better home lighting and fully explains the International Home Lighting Contest.

Contest Among School Children

All school children, 10 years of age or older, may enter the Home Lighting Contest. Local prizes will be awarded for the best essays and the winning children are contestants for the $15,000 model electrical home and college scholarships.

The Home Lighting Contest is a co-operative educational activity sponsored and supported by the entire electrical industry, and is designed to give to the public, through the school children, a better knowledge of the use of electric light.

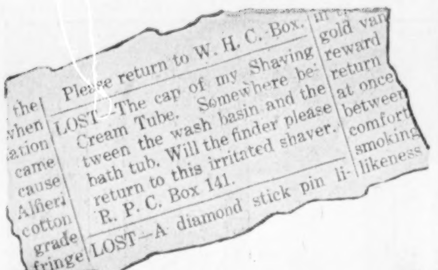
Applied by the public, this knowledge will be of great benefit. Homes will be brightened and made more beautiful by properly shaded and correctly placed lights. Eyes that suffer from too bright or too little light will be relieved of strain, vision will improve and the result will be better health, better scholars and happier homes.

Watch Your Home Paper for details of the Home Lighting Contest

The HOME LIGHTING
PRIMER

HOME LIGHTING CONTEST

The
LIGHTING EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE
680 Fifth Avenue · · · New York, N.Y.



Please return to W. H. C. Box.

LOST—The cap of my Shaving Cream Tube. Somewhere between the wash basin and the bath tub. Will the finder please return to this irritated shaver. R. P. C. Box 141.

LOST—A diamond stick pin li-

Found

—a shaving cream cap that can't get lost!

The name that is best known of all in shaving now leads with another improvement: a cap that's hinged on.

We know what you men like. We know you shave in a hurry. You'll spot the convenience of this new Williams cap just as you spotted the finest cream on earth to shave with. Every Williams user knows the speed qualities that make it so:

- Williams lather is heavier, finer in texture. It holds the moisture *in* so that *all* of every hair *all* the way through is quickly *soaked* with moisture!
- A gentle lubricant in this lather lets the razor work smoothly, entirely eliminating painful razor-friction.
- There is an ingredient in Williams that's helpful to the skin. Even in daily shaving, your face remains soft, supple, in delightful condition.

Ask any dealer to show you one of the new tubes with the Hinge-Cap. Open the tube and note how pure and white the cream is. No coloring matter in Williams! It is the art of shaving cream making at its highest—a cream made for you by the people who more than any others have found the secret of easy shaving.

Large tube, 35c; *double size* tube, 50c, containing twice as much cream.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn.
The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Ltd.,
St. Patrick St., Montreal

◆

Aqua Velva *is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. For free trial bottle write Dept. 39-B.*

Williams
Shaving Cream

My Friend Babe Ruth

Continued from page 8

nothing. I said nothing. The situation was funereally oppressive. Babe Ruth—the Home Run King—the greatest and most picturesque figure baseball had ever known—was dying and had been told so! The public, through the news bulletins issued daily by observing and expert baseball writers, knew that the Babe was ailing and had "The Misery," but the public did not know just how seriously indisposed he was. Even the baseball writers themselves didn't know.

The next day the Babe struck out a few times. He acted like a man who had been told he was dying. But he also acted as a man who said over and over again, "I won't die—I won't die—I won't die; I'm not slipping—*I'm not through.*" And toward the end of the game, in overwhelming ultimate desperation, he reached out with the big bat for a ball that was wide and high of the plate—virtually a wild pitch—and made one of the longest home runs I have ever seen him hit. He caught the ball two or three inches from the end of his bat, swung the full force of his great shoulders and back behind it and drove the ball high and far above and beyond the roof of the distant bleachers—accomplishing a feat which had never even been approximated before. That home run was oxygen to the dying Home Run King.

In 1921 the Babe made his record of fifty-nine home runs. Every baseball fan in the country followed the sensational composition of his record from day to day. Newspapers in tiny, obscure towns carried telegraphic, ball-by-ball descriptions of his turns at bat, at great expense. Millions and millions of words were written about him. He had as much secrecy as the goldfish Irvin S. Cobb tells about. He was becoming a Great American Idol, followed everywhere by crowds, worshiped by boys and besieged by all kinds of promoters and schemers.

ONE day Huggins went to him and said, "Babe, you've got this country goofy. You're drawing the biggest crowds that ever went to baseball games. You have been doing some things you shouldn't do—things that other players do not do. So long as you keep on doing well I don't mind. But that isn't the point. I'm thinking now of you. You're fat. You have been keeping bad hours. All this success may spoil you, turn your head and ruin your career when it's just starting. Let's get organized right, Babe. Cut out the fast living. Go to bed early. Be careful of what you eat and drink. Take off twenty-five pounds and you'll get more base hits; your eye will be clearer; you'll get more home runs. You'll do better every way. What do you say?"

That night the Babe went to bed at nine o'clock. The next day he failed to get a home run, to say nothing of a measly little ordinary base hit. But again he went to bed early, and once more he had the same experience. He did this twice again, with the same result, and finally he exploded. For a greater love of home runs and base hits hath no baseball player; and the Babe could not tolerate an abstinence from them.

Ping Bodie, his room-mate, came to me in Detroit and said, "Come on. We're going out. The Babe is in an uproar. The panic is on." So out we went. Then we came back and played cards all night. Virtue alone was not a satisfying reward. The Babe simply could not sleep.

In between he ate probably fourteen sirloin and hamburger steak sandwiches, with some odds and ends thrown in. And I know it to be absolute fact that he did not get more than two hours' sleep. But what happened?

What happened illustrates precisely the utter freakishness of the man. Where for four days he had gone to bed early and gone hitless and homerunless he now went to the ball park visibly affected by the change of habit and drove out two home runs in one game—one of them over the scoreboard in deepest center field; something that had never been done before!

THAT fall he defied Judge Landis and was suspended for the first six weeks of the 1922 season. But in the intervening months and until the end of the year he earned about $250,000—and spent most of it.

He went to the race tracks and gambled high, betting as much as $26,000 on a single race. In Cuba, following a disastrous experience with book-makers, he found himself about "broke" and in an awkward situation. He owed $65,000 to the race-track hawks and vultures. He had transportation for himself and Mrs. Ruth back to the States but he had that obligation of $65,000 to take care of, and what little money he had left was tied up in investments which Mrs. Ruth had made for him.

Finally he was compelled to take Mrs. Ruth into his confidence. "We'll have to cancel our passage," he said, "until I can dig up that sixty-five grand."

But they did nothing of the kind. Mrs. Ruth calls the Babe "Hon".

"Hon," she said, "here's a check for $65,000. Go out and pay your debts."

And the Babe did, after an almost miraculous recovery from the shock of discovering his wife had somehow managed to save $65.000 from the wild wreckage of his first year's great successes. And since then Babe Ruth has learned many things—and failed to learn a few others.

It was necessary, following this, to protect him from himself and the attacks of the army of confidence men and women which constantly intrigued against him. So detectives employed by the Yankee owners and by the powers that be in baseball began to watch him and those who insinuated themselves upon him.

But that—as they say—is another story, spun of the fabric of an old-fashioned dime novel and equally as thrilling in its melodramatic developments.

His Own Petard

Continued from page 6

eternity in which he labored feverishly and yet with the terrible patience which his task demanded. When he crept out of the house, at dawn, he remembered, there were gulls circling in wide sweeps, high in the sky—innumerable gulls, swinging around and around above the chimney from which dark and oily smoke still drifted upward through the first bleak gray of morning. Their gluttonous cries came down to him.

He drove his thoughts forward. It had turned warmer a few days after that. The furnace fire in Mallow's house must have been allowed to go out. This morning's "Star" had told the rest. The ash man, taking down the flue pipe and cleaning out the ash pit, has discovered Mallow's false teeth, which had survived the fire. He told the butler; the butler telephoned the police; Mallow's dentist had identified the plate; and now the fact of Mallow's murder shrieked in black type across the top of every paper.

By the time Walder reached the further border of the park he had somewhat reassured himself. No one knew he had gone to see Mallow. He had left no traces. He had not even betrayed himself by seeking out and destroying his notes which Mallow held. They would be discovered by the administrator of Mallow's estate, but the fact that he owed Mallow money need not direct attention to himself. Many others owed Mallow money. He was

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DULUTH
SHIRTS AND SWEATERS

Milton Sills in Richard Walton Tully's "Flowing Gold"

UNUSUAL SHIRTS

Choice fabrics, skilled tailoring, good looks and excellent fit make Patrick shirts, unusual.

Made of rich Flannels and genuine Broadcloths — different weights in checks, plaids and solid colors. Cut coat style, have "set in" sleeves and sateen-faced collars.

Look and fit like custom built.

A shirt your friends will envy.

QUALITY SWEATERS

Patrick Quality begins with quality yarns noted for their life and springiness. It shows in their style and make and fit, in ample size, in hand-looped seams and hand-worked button holes.

The Patrick green and black label insures it.

At high class dealers everywhere. Send for interesting Shirt and Sweater Booklets. (Address Desk 7).

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Makers of both Cloth and Garment

"PURE NORTHERN WOOL from sheep that thrive in the snow"

rather pleased with himself for leaving those notes behind. He had even wiped the telephone instrument clean of possible finger prints, using his handkerchief for the purpose. The more carefully he reflected, the more convinced of his own security he became. Many a murder mystery went unsolved. He knew this well enough. And in this particular case the odds were in his favor, since he would be able, through the columns of the "Tribune," to put out false scents, to turn suspicion along false channels, to obscure the issue as he chose.

He must not do this too openly, he reminded himself. After all, he had the reputation of being a shrewd investigator. He must live up to that reputation.

Yet, on the whole, the first shock dulled, Walder found himself reassured. When he reached the door of Mallow's house, he was almost himself again. . . .

INSPECTOR PEAKE seemed to be in charge. Walder met Pratt, one of the other "Tribune" men, just coming out of the door, and Pratt told him what had happened, or had not happened. "Peake's going through his papers," Pratt explained—"up in the library."

Walder nodded. "Well, I'll go up and see him," he replied.

The butler opened the door at his ring, and Walder saw that the man was uneasy, frightened, pale. Peake, he guessed, had been bullying the servants. Walder said simply: "I've come to see the inspector. I know the way." The butler was glad to permit him to go upstairs alone.

When the reporter came to the door of the room in which he had killed Mallow, he suffered a momentary shock. Peake, seated at Mallow's desk, his back turned, had atop his head just such a bald spot as Mallow had worn. Walder was relieved when the inspector turned and looked at him and said loudly, "Hello, Walder!"

Walder nodded. "You on the case, are you?" he asked.

"Going through his papers," Peake assented.

"What's the dope?" Walder asked, and lighted a cigarette.

Peake puffed his lips and opened another drawer of the desk, lifting to the blotter on top a handful of letters and open sheets. "Killed him here in this room, probably. Then cut him up and burned him in the furnace in the cellar."

"Who?"

"Plenty had reason to. Plenty owed him money. And I guess by his books they didn't find him an easy one to owe money to."

Walder hesitated momentarily; then said: "I know that."

Peake looked up quickly. "You borrowed from him too? I'd have thought you'd have had more sense."

Walder grinned feebly. "Had to have it," he explained.

"I never knew a reporter yet that lived on his salary," Peake commented, frankly contemptuous.

"No line at all?" Walder asked.

"I gave the servants a scare," Peake replied. "Don't think they were in on it. If one was, they all were. They stick to the same story. They're a sober lot, and they were all abed early that night. Butler saw Mallow about half past nine. That was the last time."

"Must have been some job to burn him up in the furnace," Walder suggested. "Funny the servants didn't hear the furnace door clang, or the shovel or anything. Must have been a big fire. Heated up the house." Walder was beginning to find a faint enjoyment in playing his part. He remembered now that the house had indeed become insufferably hot; remembered how, in spite of his care, the furnace door had clanged, the shovel had scraped, the grate had rattled; remembered how he had trembled for fear those servants at the top of the house would hear.

"They say they did hear," Peake replied. "But they had orders to stay upstairs. Mallow did a good many things that he didn't advertise."

He sorted the papers before him: "These look like your notes."

Walder glanced at them. "Yeah!"

Peake studied them, then said sympathetically: "I'll just tear them up, old man. No use of letting the executor get after you for this money. You've paid enough."

"Oh, keep them," Walder replied indifferently. His eyes clouded. "I don't give a damn now." He rose. "I'm going to look around the house," he remarked. "Let you know if I dig up anything."

"Nothing here," Peake told him. "We've looked the place over. But go ahead if you want to."

WALDER did go ahead, with that slow thoroughness which had always characterized his work. He was rather pleased w.th his own composure, and when his indolent search was concluded he left the house and returned to the office to write his story.

He wrote at first with care, choosing his words; but after the opening paragraphs were done he began to lose himself in his task. He set about reconstructing the crime, attributing his disclosures to the police, bolstering them with bits of evidence.

It was, Walder explained, an open secret that Mallow was a money lender; this murderer may well have been a debtor rendered desperate by Mallow's exactions. Walder explained in his story that Mallow's interest rates were exorbitant.

He came to the actual murder itself. "It was done," he argued, "in Mallow's office. This was where the two men met; there could have been nothing to take them elsewhere. Mallow was a powerful man; in any struggle he would have given a good account of himself; he would have called out and alarmed the servants. Therefore there could have been no struggle. A shot would have been heard by the servants. A knife would have left bloody traces somewhere. Therefore it is believed that Mallow was killed by a blow upon the head; his body later taken to the cellar and dismembered."

The story, when it was done, won Frame's enthusiastic approval; and Walder himself, reading it in the later editions of the paper, could not help being pleased with it.

But at home that evening he began to have misgivings. It seemed to him that he had made too many suggestions; that he had been too definite in his deductions; that an analytical reader must see that the writer of the story knew those things which he pretended to guess.

After he went to bed he lay for a long time awake, shuddering and trembling with fear that in his zeal he had betrayed himself. Sleep, when it came to him, was fitful and unsatisfying. He began the second day already weary and hollow-eyed.

IN THE morning papers he found that the police were looking for a man who was known to have come to see Mallow early in the evening of the day he was killed. The butler had seen this man, and described him; he had worn, the servants said, a light overcoat of an unusual color, almost yellow. This circumstance awoke memory in Walder; he groped for the key to the puzzle, and recollection came to him disturbingly.

That night when he went to Mallow's house—although he had no mind at the time to do that which he later did—he nevertheless used some care to avoid notice. He had twice walked past the front of the house, looking for lights in the windows; and he now remembered that at the corner a block away a man had stopped him to ask for a match with which to light a cigarette. This man wore a curiously yellow overcoat. Walder had only safety matches; he had handed the box to the man and the small flame illumined the stranger's countenance so that Walder was sure he would recognize the other at a second meeting. This man must have left Mallow only a few minutes before; it amused Walder to think the police now sought him with suspicion in their minds. The fellow would, Walder thought, escape their search. The description was fragmentary and imperfect; a yellow overcoat could so easily be destroyed. If the man were wise, he would destroy it and keep his own coun-

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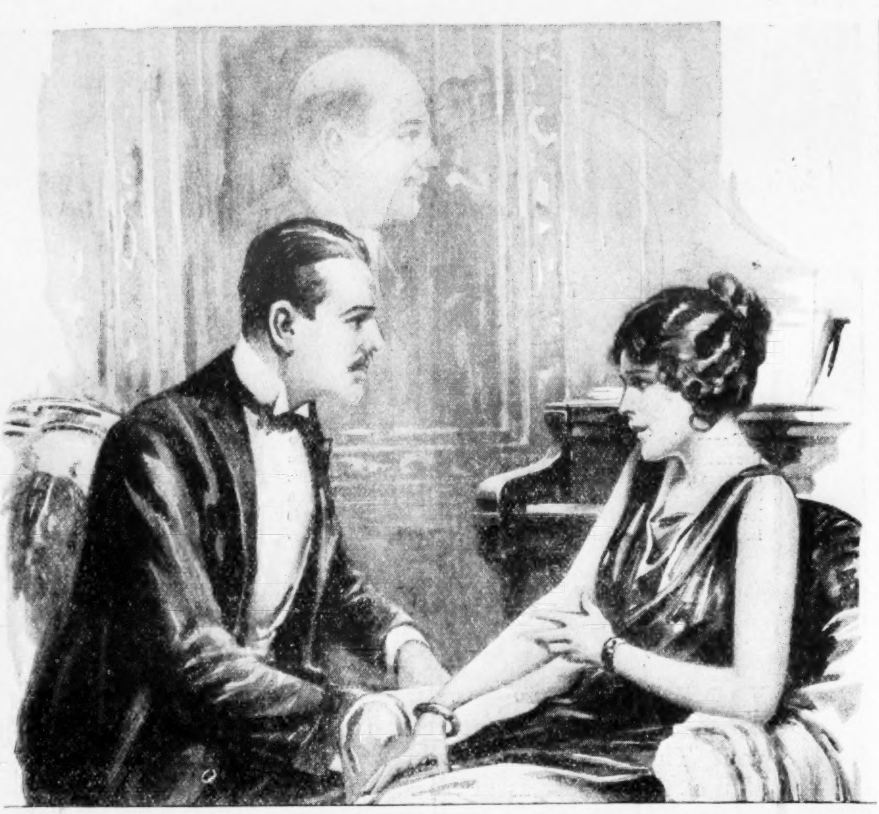

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AS YOU look at him in his immaculate evening clothes with his well-groomed hair brushed back from his forehead, can you picture how he would look if he were bald?

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WILDROOT
HAIR TONIC

sel, thus avoiding unpleasant notoriety. Walder made sure this was what the other would do.

But when he reached the office, Frame told him that the man had surrendered to the police. "His name's Macklin," Frame explained. "He tells a straight story. He says he left Mallow about a quarter past nine, and the butler saw Mallow after that. Unless Macklin returned later, there's nothing on him."

"If he didn't go back, he can probably show where he was," Walder suggested.

"Pratt says he's explained that, and the police are checking it up," Frame agreed.

Walder left the office a little later, went again to Mallow's house. The place had a certain attraction for him. As he approached it this day he noticed two or three gulls circling in the air overhead, as they had circled that morning when dark smoke still poured upward from the spouting chimney. Sight of them made him shudder, and he decided not to go into the house after all, but as it happened he met Inspector Peake just coming out and Peake said at once:

"This Macklin. . . . You know about him?"

"Yes."

"We've checked up on him. He's out of it. But he says he saw a man in front of the house when he came out that looked pretty wild-eyed. He borrowed a match, and saw this chap's face, and he says the man looked half sick, and desperate. He was impressed by it at the time; by the man's eyes. Spoke to his wife about it when he got home."

Walder studied his fingers as he lifted the cigarette to his lips. They were steady and unshaken. "Nothing in that, is there?" he suggested.

"The man was hanging around," Peake reminded him.

"Macklin able to describe him?"

"Yes, yes. A full description. We're looking for him now. We'll pick him up in a day or two."

THE two men walked downtown together, separating when Walder went toward the office. Walder felt growing in him a vague anger against the world in general, against the stupidity of Peake in particular. He gave some space that day to Macklin, ridiculing his story of the wild-eyed man.

"In the first place," he pointed out, "in the sudden flare of a match any man's eyes look wild. In the second place, the description which Macklin gives is vague and full of generalities. It would fit almost any man of medium height; the reader of these lines or the writer of them." He grinned with sardonic satisfaction at this phrase. "The whole incident bears all the marks of an attempt on the part of the police to conceal their own bewilderment."

He proceeded to elaborate on the possibility that Mallow had contrived his own disappearance; that he had destroyed books and papers, removed his false teeth for the double purpose of disguising himself and making his disappearance seem a murder, and then stepped out of the door and out of the world which knew him. He wrote at such length along these lines that Frame, reading copy on the story, protested.

"They'd rather read about a murder," he reminded Walder. "You don't want to kill this story right away, do you?"

"This'll make it more of a mystery," Walder pointed out. "Besides, I've got some dope. I have an idea this is what happened. Don't believe Mallow was killed at all."

In the end Frame permitted the story to run, but Walder thought the editor was still doubtful. It seemed to him Frame watched him with a questioning eye, as though vague doubts had risen in his mind.

The list of names of Mallow's debtors had come into the office that day. The list would not be printed, but Walder's name was among them and he knew Frame had seen it. He began to regret that he had not let Inspector Peake tear up those damning notes.

Walder had another uncomfortable night. It seemed to him, reflecting in the dark solitude of his bedroom, his wife asleep beside him, that he had been much too clever; and he regretted that he had treated the Macklin incident so lightly. After all, it was the business of the police to follow up every lead they might discover. He could hardly quarrel with them for that; yet, as he remembered it, his discussion of Macklin had been almost bitter. Inspector Peake must take it unkindly. Walder had small respect for Peake. He was a blusterer, full of his own importance, but he was also a warm-hearted man where his friends were concerned, and he had been decent to Walder. Walder regretted that he had made Peake's task a little harder. Walder slept very little, and when he went to the office next morning it was with a head that throbbed and pounded. His nerves were on edge. Outside the railroad station, as he crossed the street, the traffic officer looked at him more attentively than Walder thought was necessary. He found his forehead bathed with a cool sweat, yet the morning was not warm. He hurried on, glad to be out of the policeman's sight; wondered whether it was possible that Macklin's description of him had been accurate, after all.

IN THE office Frame did not at once dispatch him to work on the Mallow affair, and this seemed to Walder surprising and disturbing. He read the morning papers at his desk; found in them nothing new except the usual vague surmisings and conjectures. One man asserted that the police had an astonishing new clew; that an arrest might be expected within forty-eight hours. Walder tried to sneer at this, but again he found himself perspiring.

Frame presently called him to say that Macklin would be at Police Headquarters at ten o'clock to attempt to identify a man the police had detained. "You'd better go up and see Macklin," he suggested. "Maybe you can get something out of him that the police didn't get."

Walder wiped his forehead nervously. "Waste of time to do that," he protested. "Macklin don't know any more about it than a dozen others that saw Mallow that day. He just happens to be the last one."

"Well, the last one, whoever it was, killed Mallow," Frame reminded him.

"That wasn't Macklin," Walder retorted. "The police are satisfied of that."

"Maybe they're just pretending to be satisfied," Frame insisted. "Giving him a chance to hang himself. You'd better see the man, anyway."

"There's no use in it," Walder persisted. Then he saw that Frame was looking at him in some surprise, and remembered that he must not protest so strongly. "But you're the doctor," he assented. Frame nodded; and Walder went toward the elevator.

He had no intention of confronting Macklin. Macklin might recognize him; and Walder did not care to have to explain that he had been near Mallow's house that night. But, though he did not intend to see Macklin, he must give the impression that he had sought an interview. So he went toward Police Headquarters, intending to go into the press room for a moment, register his presence there, and then withdraw. The headquarters building was at one end of a square from which there were only two outlets, the courthouse blocking one side. Walder turned into this square just as Inspector Peake appeared on the steps in front of Headquarters. Walder hesitated, and saw the inspector pause as though waiting for someone, and then another man came out of the door and Walder knew him for the man who had borrowed a match at the corner near Mallow's house on the night of the murder—in short, Macklin. Walder stepped into the doorway of an office building, went down the stairs to the lower floor and out on a side street; he hurried to the corner and disappeared before the inspector and Macklin came into view. There was a subway kiosk at the curb, and he went down the stairs into the cool damp of the interior and boarded the first car that came along. The car was crowded and the man next to Walder looked at him curiously and asked:

"Been running?"

Walder shook his head. He tried to say, "No, what makes you think so?" But his breath was short, and he discovered, to his own surprise, that he was panting. And his brow was wet again. So, instead of a denial, he said at last, "Wanted to get this car."

"I wouldn't run ten steps for the last car in the world," said the other man.

Walder moved away from him. He wished to alight at the first stop, but that would appear ridiculous in the light of his professed anxiety to get this particular car, so he rode on till the other man left the car, and then alighted somewhere in the South End. There was a little park near by, and he sat down on one of the benches and tried to convince himself that Macklin had not seen him. He was feeling sick and weary.

BUT toward noon he went back to the office. Frame would be expecting him. He told Frame that he had arrived at Headquarters just after Macklin left there.

Frame said in surprise, "I had Rouse there, waiting for you. He kept Macklin around, but you didn't come."

Walder looked irritated. "The cop on the corner told me they'd gone. I didn't go inside the building."

"I think you can get a good story out of Macklin," Frame insisted. "Peake will know where to find him. You'd better sit down and give us a new lead for the final, now, though. Got anything?"

"I'll figure up something," Walder replied, and went to his desk.

Walder's desk was next to the window. The window was open; and he stood for a moment breathing the air which flowed in from the warm slot of the street. Four stories below trucks rumbled by over heavy cobbles and the vibrations were communicated to the floor beneath his feet. He lighted a cigarette and leaned out to drop the match and watched it float swiftly downward to the sidewalk far below.

Frame called to him, "You've got twenty minutes," and Walder sat down at his typewriter. Indolence was heavy upon him, and weariness and pain. His head throbbed and he still perspired. It was not usual for Walder to perspire; he felt weak and drained—tried to cudgel his thoughts into action; tried to discover some new angle of the Mallow case which might, with proper emphasis, serve as a lead. Behind him the turmoil of the office roared and shrieked, pounding at his head: typewriters jangling, the irritating thin note of their bells ringing at eccentric intervals as the carriage approached the end of a line; telegraph instruments flatly clacking; the hot smell of chemicals from the engraving room; Rathbun in the slot of the copy desk calling monotonously and constantly, "Boy"; Frame shouting into the telephone, shouting to Pratt, to Jonas, to Rathbun, always shouting; somebody running to one of the telephone booths; Craig, the managing editor, calmly dictating a letter to his stenographer in the cubbyhole of an office partitioned off from the main floor—his voice was an irritating monotone. Each strain of sound came to Walder in an individual stream, thin and rasping; they poured into his consciousness in a jumbled and discordant note.

He began to write, idly, mechanically, his mind far removed from what he wrote. It was as though he were outside his own body, looking down upon himself with dispassionate scrutiny; he was surprised and faintly comforted to see how insignificant he seemed. He no longer very greatly cared what happened, and this surrender of the spirit was curiously reassuring.

After an interval, out of the stream of sounds which came to him, he heard Frame speaking to someone, at the other side of the room. "He's getting out a lead for the next edition," Frame explained, in his habitual loud tone. "Wait till he's through."

Walder thought Frame might be talking about him; and under cover of the act of lighting a fresh cigarette, he managed to look around. Frame was talking with Inspector Peake, and there was a man with Peake. The man was Macklin. They stood at ease by the counter in front of the reference department; and he saw their eyes turn in his direction.

He turned back to his work, nodding to himself. Macklin had seen him, then, at Headquarters, had recognized him, had told Peake. And Peake had put odds and ends together. Peake would want to ask questions. Walder shuddered faintly, with a sort of nausea. He had no mind to answer the inspector's questions. He was too tired.

He put a fresh sheet into his typewriter and wrote, rapidly, half a dozen lines. When they were done, he pulled out the sheet and read what he had written and folded it once and called an office boy. When the boy came, Walder gave him the sheet of paper. "Give it to Mr. Frame," he directed.

As the boy started to do this errand, Walder rose from his chair and put his hand on the sill of the window by his side. The cobbles waited, far below. . . .

EVEN in that first moment of paralyzed excitement, Frame did not forget to read what Walder had written. Then with an exclamation he handed the sheet to the inspector. Their heads came together above it as they read:

WALDER, RE.
LEAD "MALLOW."

Ernest Walder, a newspaper reporter, to-day confessed to the murder of Jeffrey Mallow. Walder had borrowed money from the dead man; had paid an exorbitant rate of interest; sought to persuade Mallow to make some concessions. When Mallow refused, Walder struck him on the head with the telephone, then dismembered the body and burned it.

Walder, after confessing, committed suicide by leaping from a fourth-story window, before he could be arrested.

After a moment, Frame said quickly: "He must have thought you came to arrest him."

The inspector was sobered for a moment into telling the truth. "Rouse said Walder wanted to talk to Mr. Macklin," he confessed. "We were down this way; just happened to come in." Then he remembered his part.

"But I kind of figured he did it, all the time," he declared.

WILLIAM JOHNSTON, journalist, thinks business men are social jaywalkers. Irving T. Bush, business man, thinks Mr. Johnston is blind. They clash in Collier's next week.

Everybody makes errors? One man doesn't. Read about him in "The Man Who Must be Right"—next week, also; and don't miss Anna Steese Richardson's article on women in politics, or James Hopper's latest short story, "A Phrase and a Fire."

"The Barbarian," by Wadsworth Camp, begins in the same issue. It has all the charm of "The Guarded Heights," which Collier's readers have never forgotten.

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The result surprised us no less than others. We never dreamed that Shaving Cream offered such room for improvement.

Five astonishing results

1—Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times. A tiny bit suffices for a shave.
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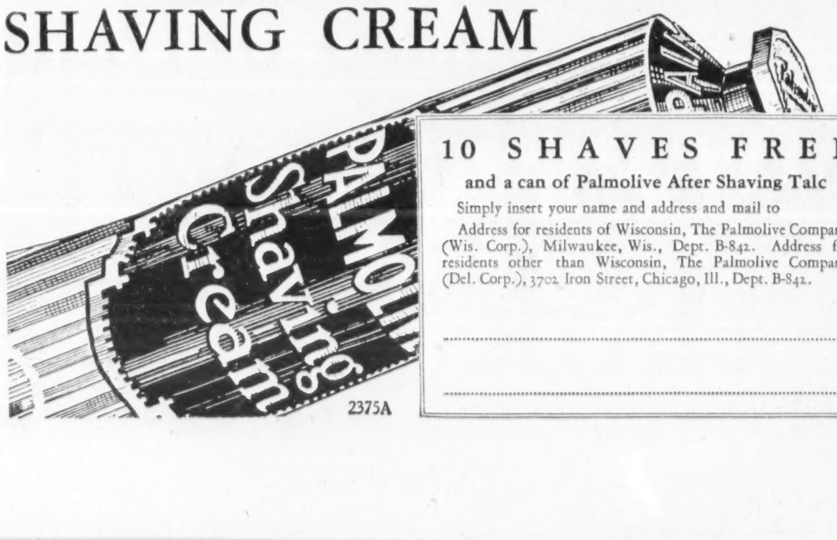

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KING AIR RIFLES

The Legion Shows the Way

By Harold Cary

A MAN or a woman overwhelmed by evil fortune may struggle out. But what chance has a child.

That's the kind of a question that the American Legion has asked itself to face. Not just a case or two here and there, but forty thousand cases. Here is one of them:

Jim Slavin came swinging back across the Atlantic and across the country to his home town in the Middle West. He'd been gassed a little, but in the joy of return he could forget that. She was waiting down at the south end of the platform. He found a job. In a week they were married. While they paid for furniture she kept her old place at the switchboard. Those were great days as they met at the gate and went in to cook supper. Fresh eggs and ham, green peas out of the garden, hot biscuits—what a change from beans!

In a little while she found the job was too much, and anyway they were out of debt. When the boy was born he had the proudest father in all the township. And then gayety slipped silently out of the window. Jim had been feeling pretty rotten for weeks but he hadn't wanted to mention it. Now he did. The doctor sent him up to the government hospital to be looked over thoroughly. There he got word that his little girl was born. Soon they turned him out again as able to work a little. By last year there were four hungry youngsters. There didn't seem to be much to eat, and there wasn't enough bedding to keep six persons warm. Jim met an old pal on the street and confessed. Thus the Legion heard about it. Jim Slavin was not a mob member, but it made no difference in the speed with which the organization jumped to help him. They put a local family welfare society on the job instantly with food and more bedding. They proved that the government owed Jim $1,300 accumulated compensation, and got the money for him. They took the children to a clinic, had them put in good physical condition, had them properly clothed. They got Jim's mother to take care of the children and restored Jim's wife to her old job at the switch board. They took Jim to a doctor and found him light work that he can do. To-day the family is serene.

Within the past eighteen months the council of the Legion has awakened to the fact that cases such as Jim's are coming faster and faster. Many things can happen which make children dependent. By consulting the mortality tables and the experience of others it was estimated that in 1932 the Legion would face a peak load of 36,000 to 42,000 children in need of help.

What the Legion Learned

THE obvious thing to do when you have a lot of kids on your mind is to throw up an asylum for them. Break up the home, separate the children from whatever relatives are left, drop them into the orphanage machine. They will be fed and clothed and exercised. They will have medical care and schooling. It sounds fine. That's what the Legion first planned to do, what the veterans of other wars have done. In 1922 the national convention of the Legion started the planning of such an asylum. By 1923 the committee reported that such a program was out of date. This, for instance, had happened:

Out in Kansas a philanthropist with the best possible motives gave the State Department of the Legion a forty-thousand-dollar farm on which it might place an institution for child care. The Legion raised $100,000 to build an orphanage. Meanwhile the leaders were studying the problem. They discovered that they would be making a capital investment of ten thousand dollars for each child taken in, and that the annual cost, outside of the investment, would run to $1,000 apiece at least. And they discovered that home is the place for every child and that there are, so far, enough homes to go round, to take care of all dependent children.

So the $100,000 raised in Kansas for an asylum is drawing interest. The farm is being farmed. The children, at least sixty of them, have new homes among Legionaires.

The same program was adopted, with different details, in Michigan. The Legion now maintains two cottages for a few children at Otter Lake, who are there temporarily while home-finding and investigation goes on. There is no intention in Michigan of building asylums. The two cottages, each in charge of a "mother," have a capacity of fifteen. About 400 children have had temporary residence in them.

In Illinois, Georgia, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and several other states the Legion has started the great work, not by the old-fashioned methods but by coöperation with children's workers to make the job a joint one.

The 1923 convention adopted the new idea unanimously. "Rational home life, duplicating family relationship as they exist in the normal home, should be provided," it said. "Institutional care is deplorable and fails utterly."

How the Legion Does It

THE plan of internal organization of the Legion, under which it has gone forward with such amazing rapidity in one short year, is simple and practical. The national council is committed to foster home care, the states are one after another committing themselves to follow; cities and towns are following suit. Each post is being informed of the necessity of appointing a child welfare committee to take charge of all the local work. Each one of these thousands of committees is to be furnished with the necessary information on the ways and means of handling its individual problems. Where needed, competent social workers to make the actual investigation of particular cases will be arranged for.

Each child who becomes dependent is at once brought to the attention of the local Legion committee. After first aid is given a great many facts must be determined. Can the family be kept together? There was a case in Kansas in which the father died leaving his widow with three children. She had no relatives and the family became destitute.

The local post and the local auxiliary of the Legion came to the rescue. They obtained compensation from the government and ten dollars a month mother's aid from the State, and with a little more help that woman is managing to keep her children with her. Thus the Legion found the best possible way of caring for the family.

If the family cannot be kept together are there relatives who can take the children? If there are no relatives cannot some other home, with or without paid board, be found? Many committees are now making lists of such homes to be used when needed. The child's history and character is compared with the history and charactor of the available foster home. Is medical care needed? It is arranged. Each case is regarded as a special one. When placement in a foster home is made, that home must be visited occasionally for at least two years to see that the child and its foster parents are getting along together.

Billets, or cottages for temporary care like the two now at Otter Lake, will be arranged for to take care of special cases while awaiting disposition. These billets are not orphanages, but temporary homes.

The Legion has established a precedent. It is founded on this simple creed: We shall take care of all dependent children of veterans; we shall build no orphan asylums; we shall put our children in homes, where they belong.

American Children

Continued from page 17

schools"—that was a slogan that went over America. It was imbedded, at the instance of President Grant, in the constitution of every new state. No state was admitted to the Union that would not put the gist of that slogan into its fundamental law. The last twelve states that entered the Union wrote that idea into their constitutions. A dozen of the older states changed their law to provide that no tax money should be used for the teaching of creeds in the public schools.

America was on a hunt for creeds in its new public-school system, and it succeeded in driving them out.

But—and here is the heart of our problem with our children to-day—in driving out creeds America drove all direct moral, ethical, and religious instruction out of the public-school system.

It is considered against the law in many states even to mention religion in a schoolroom. The teacher may talk in history and geography lessons of Zeus and Brahma and Mohammed and of pagan gods, but the God of our civilization has been made taboo. There are nine great books of religion in the world; races of men live by them. One of these books is the Bible. The reading of the Bible is prohibited, in any of its versions, in the public schools of twelve of our states. There are eight million children in the public schools of these states.

In thirty states there are no laws against Bible reading in the public schools, but by custom or tradition the Bible is seldom called to the attention of the fourteen million children in these states. Only six states provide for the reading of the Bible in the public schools.

So far as the public schools go, our children do not ever learn that there is such a mighty influence in life and in human affairs as religion; the fact that there is a God and a Book about Him is a thing that is not mentioned. Fourteen million children, or over half of the twenty-seven million children in our public schools, are not allowed to hear anything about religion in the public schools.

Of course, there's the Sunday school. But the Sunday-school officials themselves admit that 28,000,000 children do not go to Sunday schools.

Then there's the home. But at least ten million homes in the United States are unchurched.

Our forefathers, in building the early school system, could rely on the church and home, but we cannot. All religion is left out of training of millions of our children.

But ethics and morals do not depend upon religion, you may say. Though I do not agree with this viewpoint, fathers and mothers who believe that morality and honesty and the other virtues may be mental rather than spiritual have as good reason for worry as I have.

Think of God as you will—a great influence, a Person, a part of the Trinity, the Creator, a Personal God, a Father, Jehovah—consider Him as the God of the Jews, the Catholics, or the Protestants, the point holds, in the minds of most Americans, churched or unchurched, I believe, that it is a blighting thing to have knowledge of Him kept away from our children.

Training for children's souls ought to be put back somewhere into our system. Citizens without trained consciences, without codes of morals, without love or kindness or a sense of responsibility to God and to their fellow men, without sympathy, without loyalty, without all those qualities that save men from being mere beasts—such citizens cannot make either a decent or a safe nation.

"Why Not in the Homes?"

RECOGNITION of God is everywhere in our civil and governmental institutions. Most of our lodges demand a belief in God; our legislators open their sessions with prayer. We have chaplains in the army and in our prisons. Our West Point cadets go to chapel. "In God We Trust" is stamped in our coins. Recognition of God is seen everywhere in America—except in our educational system.

It was left out of that, I believe, by mistake.

"What's wrong with our children?" is America's great question.

The answer is: "They do not have soul training. They do not even have intellectual training in morals and ethics."

If they do not receive such training in the public schools, if our pedagogues cannot discover a curriculum for soul exercise or spiritual development for our school system that will not offend but will satisfy all creeds, then our children must get it somewhere else.

Perhaps you ask: "Why not in the homes?"

Because already a generation of children that missed such instruction has grown to be the parents of to-day.

If we want religious, moral, or ethical homes in America, we must start a new type of American home, and we must begin with the children of to-day; we must put moral or ethical instruction or actual soul training into our educational system somewhere.

A Gentleman's Game

Continued from page 10

misunderstanding! Jerry in love with my baby! It's too absurd!"

"Well"—Wynant meant to be brutal —"if you thought he was, you'd put a stop to it, Evelyn, now wouldn't you?"

"If I thought the sky was falling, I might go and tell the king!"

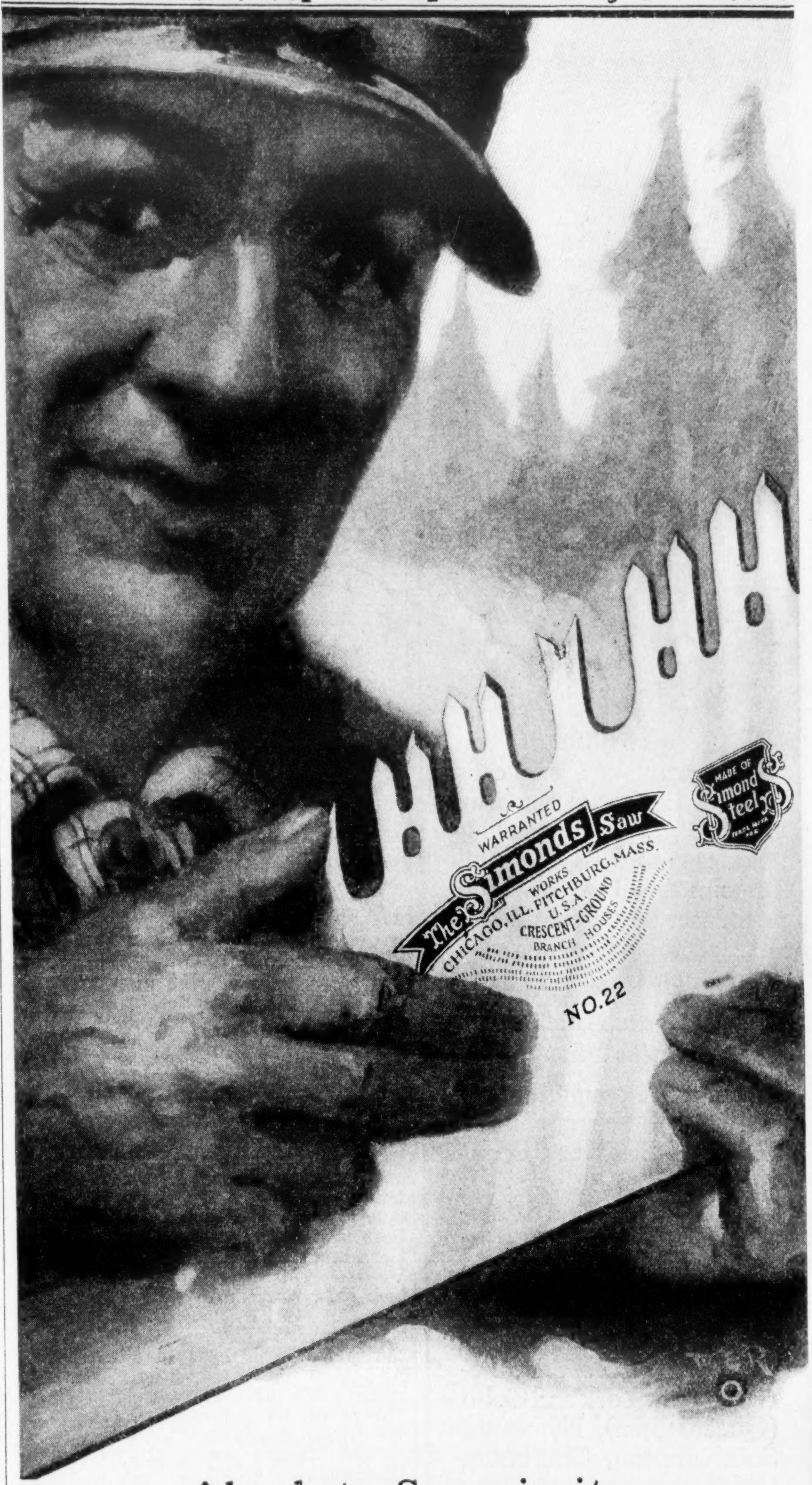
HE WENT down in the apartment elevator badly out of humor. Nothing could be done through her, and it had been the only chance. At the door he met Jerry and Rosalind returning, Jerry full of festive nonsense, Rosalind serene. The girl was a head taller than her mother and twice as lovely as Evelyn had been; she had her black hair and violet eyes and none of her piffling indirectnesses. Wynant acknowledged that there was excuse for Jerry.

He even bore away some uncertainty that his call had had much warrant. After all, why shouldn't she like Jerry? Plenty of young women had. And if she did, why shouldn't they be happy ever afterward? No reason on earth, except Evelyn perhaps—and Wynant didn't care what became of Evelyn!

He did not see Jerry again for some time. He heard of him. His training and practicing were now known to the older tennis crowd. No one expected him to get very far in the Nationals, if he entered, but afterward Wynant recalled more than one having dwelt with satisfaction upon the good thing it was that he should step forth from the old days and set certain players an example of tournament demeanor. His had always been specially admired, the beau ideal of the gentleman sportsman in action.

The Wynants were at their summer home when, toward a midnight, he phoned from the Rennells'. Would Ned stay up until he could drive over? He must see him! Wynant smoked on the dewy lawn among the peonies until a car's lights swept into the drive. "I don't know what you'll say, but if I don't like it, Neddo, I'll murder you!" Chadwick's outburst was vibrant, exultant. "You've been saying all these years that I ought to have married. I'm going to! How's that?"

"Wherever men depend upon cutting tools most"



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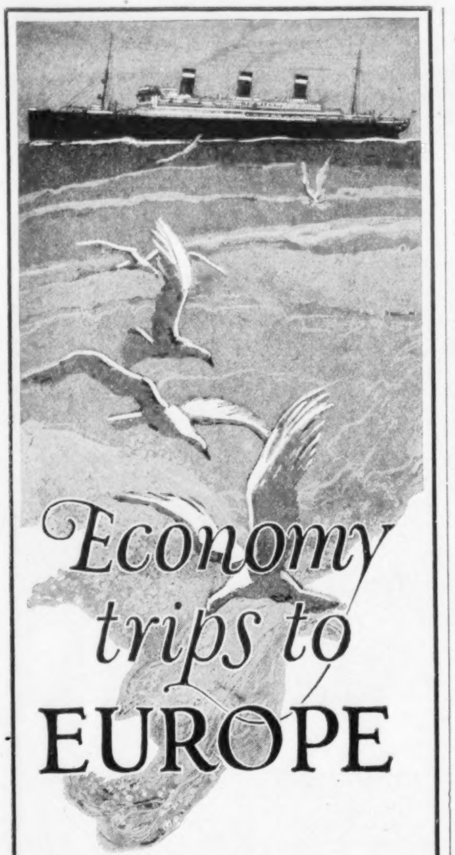
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Wynant had been realizing what to expect. Yet it stunned him. He managed, "That's bully. Has Evelyn—?"

"Not Evelyn."

"Not Rosalind?"

"Yes, sir! Go on, you poor Indian! Tell me I'm too old!"

"Nothing of the kind," said Wynant, playing up. "I'm as pleased as Punch, boy! Didn't I call the turn weeks ago?—and you denied with heat—"

"Didn't know it myself then. Honest, I didn't! I'm not sure I have till to-night. *She* says I'm not old! I'll tell you all about it." Wynant covered a feebly humorous yawn. "I've been staying there, teaching her some tennis. We'd got pretty well acquainted. I'd told her, she'd asked, about—ah—about her mother. She said, 'Why don't you marry her now, Jerry?' I said that was ancient history now, said I was getting old. And she said, 'You! Old!'"

"Whereupon you prop—"

"No, not then. To-night after dinner she— Oh, first your young friend Mister Joel Smith appeared. He made himself numerous around her, I believe, a while ago; she was nice to him, is to everyone, until he overdid it—"

"Whom did this information come from?"

"Quit interrupting, will you? She saw him to-night and got rid of him, and took me down by the sea wall. I thought she was unusually quiet, but I didn't—I thought he might have bothered her. She said, 'Jerry, why don't you make Mater marry you?' I said I'd done my best. She said, 'I wonder. She has to be made to do anything she wants to do.' Rather clever, no?"

"Very," said Wynant.

"Ah, she's—there's no one like her! She said, 'You could make her now if you wanted to. Sure you don't?' I said yes. 'Perfectly sure?' I said yes. And then—it came hard, I suppose—she whispered, 'why don't you make *me?*' And *then,* of course—" He broke off, retasting rapture.

"Of course," said Wynant, and thought, and added, "She's as happy as you are, is she?"

The lover's tones went rapidly through half a dozen changes. "Why, yes. Why not? I'm positive she is! You know you can't expect— Confound you, what makes you think she isn't? Are you going to remind me that when I'm sixty she'll be—"

"No, and don't wake up the household. You'll be quite a man at sixty. I was thinking of Joey Smith. If she'd been nice to him, as you call it, at one time, and if he'd just left her—"

"Oh. I see. Oh, no, that's rubbish—she can't have *liked* the young bounder, Ned! Why, he's the worst of that lot we talked about a while ago, the player I'm keenest on beating! And then I'd have noticed. . . . You really don't think I'm too old?"

Wynant, having satisfied him, said, "Is Evelyn happy too?"

"She doesn't know it yet," said Chadwick.

WHEN he left, he turned off to rove for an hour in unfrequented country roads. He knew woods he could poke through, hilltops from which he could revel in the stars. A song he had loathed had hold of him. He was humming it.

She is young and very sweet
From the silver on her feet
To the—something, something, something—in her hair—

Her hair! Her beautiful thick black bob! Oh, bless her!

He had chosen a road that ran through a wooded hollow where there was a mud hole, and you had to keep up on the edge or you got mired. Lights standing still showed that somebody had discovered the fact for himself. A man moved out in the dazzle of Chadwick's lights, and he saw it was Smith.

At once he felt as especially obligated to help Smith here as he did to make a fool of him on a tennis court. He hailed him. "Stuck?"

"Over the hubs."

"I can't pull you out. Got a jack?"

"If I had, I wouldn't be here fighting skeeters."

Chadwick produced his, and was taking off his dinner coat and rolling up his shirt sleeves. But Smith, who was alone, seemed efficiently in charge of a one-man job. When his car had crawled out he wiped and returned the jack. He was much obliged.

There was no reason now why Chadwick should not go on. But he found himself waiting while Smith, with a torch, fished up and replaced some fence rails.

He asked, "Been here long?" and "Since about half past ten," made him mildly contemptuous. But Smith said, "Nothing around here but private houses shut up for the night. Didn't want to disturb 'em. Mr. Chadwick, isn't it?"

He acknowledged it, addressing Smith by name. . . . Could it be the young bounder was likable in some elusive fashion? . . . He said, "We're both keeping late hours, with a tournament two days off."

Smith had forgotten about that. "I play you, don't I? Oh, no, I drew a bye. We play in the second round."

"In case of my winning from Finch."

"Well, sir, good deep driving's just what Bertie doesn't like."

"How do you know mine is good?"

"Saw you play when I was East as a kid. I've copied your forehand ever since."

Not flattery. Artless. There *was* something—something about his droll twang and his mud-splashed smile. If you could forget that he—

Vaguely Chadwick now thought even better of himself, assuming that the fellow had interested Rosalind at all. "I hope we do have a match," he said.

Smith hoped so too. Then Smith startled him. "Can you spare a few minutes to talk? I know you don't know much about me, but I can't think of anyone else— It's about the Rennells."

Instantly Chadwick's repugnance revived. "I really can't imagine—"

"I'll explain if I may. I expect you've heard that Rosalind and I—"

Chadwick said he was not interested.

"Yes, I can see how this strikes you. But you don't want her getting herself in a mess any more than I do."

THROUGH the older man's aversion to a puppyish confidingness, and whatever more violent emotions he was having, there still came that perception of something not to be disliked. With it came a low curiosity about what had passed between her and the puppy that evening. . . . He said, "I'll listen to what you have to say."

"Thank you. I'm with Territt, Barnes & Co., selling bonds. I've been there four years and got on pretty well, and I like it. Connections with that house aren't picked up in the street—"

"You owe yours to your tennis, don't you?" slipped out of Chadwick. Smith was neither meek nor resentful. "No. I thought you might think I did, but they never had heard of my playing. Anyway, I like the business, and it gives you a lot of time for tennis.

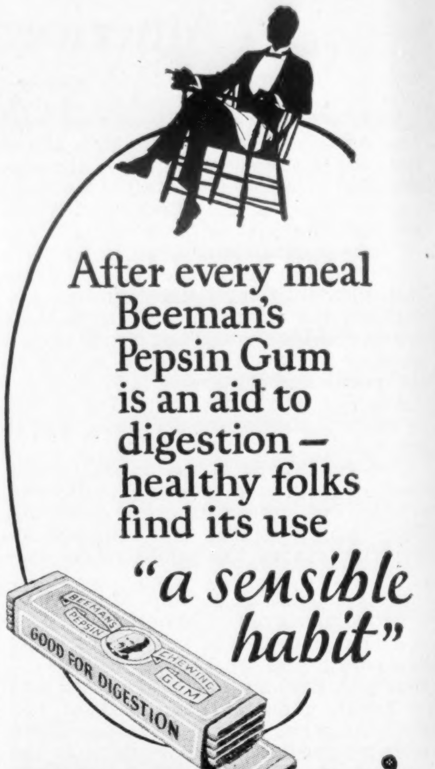
"But Rosalind made up her mind that when we got married, business was out. She had a queer idea; she thought I was only working because I had to, and she thought—you know how a girl is—that if I could do nothing but play I could be a super-Tilden. Even if I could, I don't think that's what tennis is for, do you?"

Possibly because he had done nothing but play, Chadwick made no answer.

"She wanted our life to be one sweet song, all love and grass court tournaments. When I couldn't see it she said I was old-fashioned, too proud to live on her money. That wasn't the main thing. I am, but—a square broker, a good bond salesman even, is something, as I look at it—and to drop it just for tennis and a notion of hers! I'd do most things for her, but—"

Mr. Chadwick's tone of voice, coming out of the dark, was odd but no longer cold. "You were, ah—were definitely engaged?"

"All but announcing it. That was to wait for her mother to come around. Since we scrapped we've seen each other a few times and not got anywhere. I don't mind saying I've been close to giving in—but they told me at the office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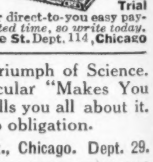
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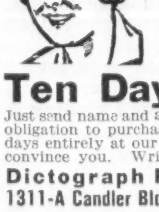
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to-day I could go to England if I wanted to, and after a few years be manager of the London branch. Mr. Territt said he'd promise it in writing.

"Well, that's one whale of a chance! I nailed it and came out to-night to tell her. I thought she'd fall for living in England—she likes it over there—and I thought it would prove that business came ahead of tennis with me—"

"You're giving up your tennis?"

"Big league tennis. I'll have to, over there. But Lindy didn't fall, and—we both went up in the air a little—she told me there was somebody else and she was going to marry him."

Chadwick could have danced a fling. He said, "Conclusive, wasn't it?"

"Would have been if I'd believed her."

This inspired scorn. "Oh, those things happen, Mr. Smith."

"Not with her. Not so soon. I know her. Whomever she'd really liked, she wouldn't change."

"You seem very confident she 'really liked' you."

"She did, and she does now."

All sorts of savage impulses tempted Chadwick. "You don't believe there is somebody else, eh?"

"I don't believe she loves him. She may be going to marry him. She's more like her mother than you'd think."

Chadwick's voice deepened and thickened. "Do you refer to me?"

Smith was composed. "Whatever I refer to, you know that if she does it she'll be sorry. She isn't the girl to get used to a cold-blooded marriage or get out of one. It strikes me it's up to me to stop her, and I'd like to get your slant."

"What have you in mind? To carry her off? I shouldn't," said Chadwick grimly.

"I would if it would work. But that's movie stuff. I could give up business for a while and trust to her getting more sense later. Or I could find the son-of-a-gun she meant and try to—"

"That would be foolish."

"You think so? Well, maybe. I'm not very wise on the subject to-night."

"Ah," said Chadwick. "I can sympathize, but—I'm not in a position to advise you."

HE DROVE back to the Rennells' in a high-horse mood. Smith was a baby, an imbecile; Rosalind was a Blessed Damosel; and he himself was young. But he was unsettled on two of these points before he reached his room, and the robins were caroling before he got to sleep.

Rosalind sat with him at breakfast. She had kind eyes for him, was sweet to him, the atmosphere of her reassured and brightened him. They practiced on the Rennells' court; when they rested she allowed him her hand, and he would have liked to kiss her, but she was afraid they might be seen.

In the afternoon he gave up an attempt to take a nap, made an appointment in town by telephone, and went in. He was not entirely clear on why he did it. He spent half an hour with a friend of his, John Barnes of Territt, Barnes, and came away convinced against his will that the business part of Smith's story was true.

That evening Rosalind's mother made a third with them under the stars. But Rosalind contrived a safe moment and lifted her face to him. So he slept, although he had a dream that he was playing Smith, who jumped the net and rushed at him, swinging his racket.

The Dunesdale Invitation is a choice and quiet dress rehearsal for the big tournaments that lead up to the National Championship. It limits its men's singles to thirty-two players; the galleries are small and much of the old-time garden party character persists.

Rosalind rode over with Chadwick. "I like the way they seed their top-notchers," she said. "Letting you and Finch meet in the first round!"

"I wasn't seeded," he responded, smiling. "I'm long past being a top-notcher." She denied it to his satisfaction. She was sure he was going to win. He couldn't help mentioning that if he did his next opponent would be Smith. She heard it with satisfactory indifference.

Finch was late, and Tom French came around. "We're going to default him, Jerry. Do you mind going on with Smith? They all want to see you."

He answered rather slowly. "Why, no, Tom. Not if Smith's here."

"He is. I've spoken to him," said French, and went away.

Rosalind had not been listening. "You don't play?"

"Yes, I play Smith."

"She said, "Oh! Do you want me to watch?" Her eyes were curiously trusting, a child's before an operation. He was sharply discomforted by them and perplexed, and he said, "Would you rather not?"

"Oh, no." She came closer to him. Under her breath she said, "Dear Jerry."

He tried to pass it all off lightly. "Don't do that in public, young lady—not unless you want results!"

IN THE locker-room he walked up to Smith with a hand out and, "Well, sir, how are you?" But Smith's rugged countenance was rock, and his hands kept busy at his shoe laces. "One minute, Mr. Chadwick. I got a note this morning from—" he lowered his voice—"from Rosalind. With news in it."

Chadwick, wishing he had known of it, said, "Indeed?"

"I don't pretend I'm celebrating or think I was mistaken. I hope I was—hope she'll be happy—and that means I hope you will too. If you want to shake hands on that basis—"

They did it very solemnly. "I guess you must have seen that when we talked I didn't know."

Chadwick nodded. "And I'm sure you understand I couldn't tell you." They stared past each other, not angrily but gloomily, as though some joint blunder of theirs had led to some general calamity. At last Smith said, "Well, let's get out there," and Chadwick dressed.

His spirits shot up as the gallery made him welcome. He found himself feeling just right, all ready to rectify matters by giving Smith a handsome beating and showing Rosalind, who never had seen him in a match, a tennis player worth her admiration. Everything was right and to his liking. His racket was a feather, his feet were light and firm on the good turf, the air was cool, the sun clouded over without much threat of rain. He was pleasurably conscious of the critical hush as the spectators watched him warm up.

French was umpire, Gates was foot-fault judge, men he knew were on the lines. He stepped into Smith's first service ball and whipped it across unreturnably. A spatter of applause saluted such a confident beginning.

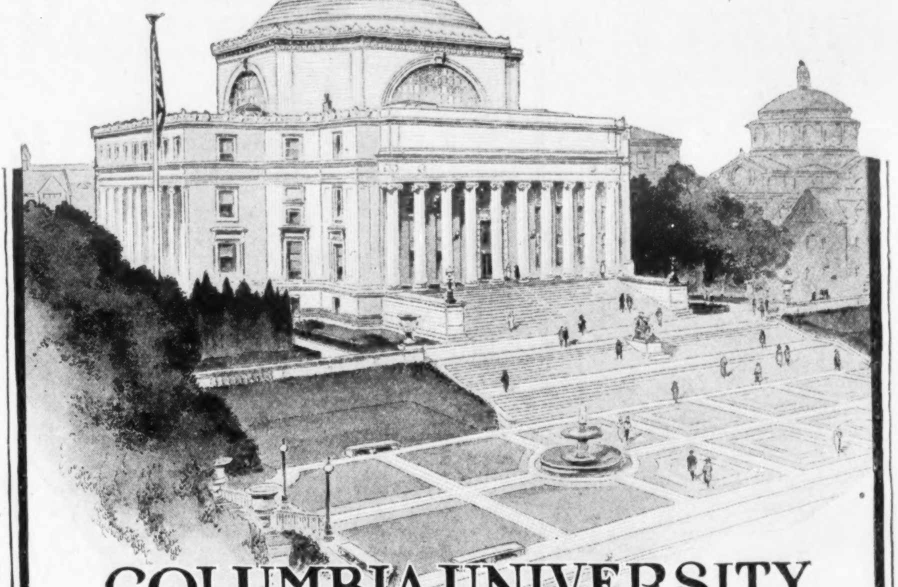
There was one spectator whose interest in the tennis was incidental. Ned Wynant was studying two faces, which were unrevealing. Joey Smith's unwontedly serious mien might be only a little staleness. Rosalind hardly looked as an engaged girl was supposed to, but, then, in these days no engaged girl did—

Wynant fell to musing on the contrast between the opponents. It showed exactly in their styles of play. Jerry's was all orthodoxy, classicism, devotion to form and grace. Such grace as Joey Smith had was natural. But with any given stroke the results he got were systematic—whereas that straight backhand of Jerry's! Wynant saw him try, unhurried, to pass with it, and out it by as much as twenty feet.

Typical of Jerry. In boyhood and youth he had almost lived for tennis. Yet he lacked a fundamental shot, and one there was no excuse for lacking. . . . However, Joey didn't seem to be discovering the lack. He was playing conscientiously but with little of his usual generalship. And Jerry was going great guns, playing rings around him.

What a grand time Jerry was having—doing his stuff, though only Wynant knew it, for a girl. He won the first set and two games of the second. Wynant glanced at the girl. She wasn't taking much of it in as far as he could see. . . .

Chadwick was indeed enjoying himself and the applause he kept eliciting. He was positive that he was playing the tennis of his life; his eye was as precise, his footwork as lively, his antici-



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pation as quick as they had ever been. He stepped in and drove, stepped back and poised his weight and drove again, at suitable junctures loped in and volleyed or put away a lob; usually there was time to spare, and Smith's shots came just as he preferred them. Was Smith really ranked in the first ten? And known for tantalizing craftiness?

He went out of his way to try stunty returns. They succeeded and were applauded. By Jove, he could do anything! He wished it were Brookes he was playing, Brookes at his best—or anyone: Tilden. He wished Smith would get more steam up, if he had any. It was too easy.

AS ALWAYS, he was avoiding looking at the gallery. He did not look at Rosalind; without it he continually knew just where she stood, knew that her eyes were upon him, rapt and shining.

He became acutely conscious of the gallant figure he was making, of the symmetry of his shoulders—one of Smith's was higher than the other; of the set of his well-cut shirt and the swing and drape of his white flannels—Smith's white ducks were clean and stopped with that. Whatever had troubled Rosalind he was certainly dispelling it—proving to her, rejoicing her with proof, that in choosing him—

Not that Smith was such a bad sort. One could afford to be large-minded, one had rather liked his candor. But she was not for him, and a lesson in tennis was doing him no harm.

At love-two, second set, Smith obliged in the matter of steam. He hit harder, came to the net in every rally. Inwardly Chadwick smiled. He knew a spurt of desperation—and, with Rosalind watching them, could interpret this one. He played to weather it, making the boy earn his points.

Smith earned enough to hang on but not to lead. At five-all he slackened and Chadwick went at him, and presently ended the set with a spectacular half-volley. They paused by the umpire's stand to rinse their mouths. Smith spoke, quietly. "That last one was the cat's right eye," he said.

And the castle in Spain came down. The compliment had not been shouted for the gallery to hear. Bar the uncouthness of the slang, it had been paid as Chadwick himself would have paid it—and it had sounded less like an effort to appear a sporting loser than like a bystander's impersonal appreciation of a pretty feat of tennis.

It stood the inner Chadwick on his head.

He saw that he was winning so easily because Smith was away off his game, and that Smith was off, not because he was playing the man to whom he had lost Rosalind but because to him this match had no such meaning; it wasn't a joust or a duel, it was tennis, a pastime Smith wasn't feeling like; he had speeded up, not in desperation, but out of decency to his opponent; Rosalind's presence had entered into it only, if at all, by reminding him to cover the fact that he was suffering.

He was. That dawned on Chadwick, had scarcely occurred to him before. He was suffering like the devil, but he was behaving very well—better than Chadwick had once in a much less trying situation, when he had played, or made lackadaisical motions of playing, a second-rater, shortly after Evelyn had engaged herself to Slop—

Good Lord! Was this *that* thing repeating itself? With Rosalind in Evelyn's rôle, and—himself in Slop's?

He threw down his towel and picked up his racket. He was to serve, and for the first time, as he walked to the baseline, he looked at her.

He looked, hoping madly to find he was wrong, to find her all pride and interest, to be met with a smile. But she was not looking at him or at anything else. Neither was she rapt and dreaming, nor a well-brought-up young woman being inscrutable in public. She was a girl of eighteen with the bottom dropped out of her world.

She felt his look and recovered herself, and then he got his smile. It was perfectly good. It said, "Dear Jerry," as she had before the match. It was, all unconsciously on her part, the most piteous thing he had ever seen.

And Smith, however crude and western, was the sportsman of the two of them; and Smith was "of a suitable age"; and he was—no, by God, he was not Slop Rennell!

He motioned to a boy, who bounced balls to him, and he turned and toed the line. In that one instant he must have had his impulse and formed his plan. Instead of the plain cut service he had been content with, he now delivered the gymnastic American twist, which gives the server a plunging start for the net but requires extra care to avoid the most unfair of footfaults. He started. "Fault!" called Gates.

He stopped, spun around and glared. He served again the same way and Gates faulted him again.

He did it a third time, at love-fifteen. Faulted once more, he netted the second ball with his plain delivery. At love-thirty he resumed the twist, and when faulted spoke up hotly:

"Why, Art, you're crazy! I'm not foot-faulting!"

"You certainly are. Your foot's a mile inside before you hit."

He swore, to himself but loudly enough to be heard on the clubhouse porch, and lost the game on a wild double fault of the ordinary kind.

The next game he lost on just such errors as a furious man would be making. They changed ends. He delivered the twist. Gates' "Fault!" came sharply. A moment later Gates faulted him for standing on the line.

Then, having already committed more breaches of tennis etiquette than he had in all his previous career, he proceeded without reserve to make an exhibition of himself. "Why don't you call a few on *him?* He's faulting every time!"

Gates, too amazed to be angry, said, "Oh, no, he isn't, Jerry," and he returned what he meant for a sneering laugh. He could hear people, friends of his, gasping and murmuring all around the court enclosure. He quarreled with linesmen's decisions, would let balls go that were plainly good and demand, "What's the matter? Asleep?" He stormed at the ball boys for being slow and then for being officious. He won a game, chiefly because his antics were disconcerting Smith, and questioned the score, insisting that he had won two. It was all extremely painful; numbers of people got up and walked away. Wynant slipped from his chair to the stand, and as Jerry went by him, changing ends, he whispered, "For the Lord's sake quit!—come off that court!"

At 1-5 Chadwick did. He slammed his racket down and stamped on it, and stalked off fuming through a horrid stillness. He had the showers and the locker-room to himself, except for Wynant, who, when he found him appearing neither distracted nor properly ashamed, could have used every oath and epithet in the language, but instead said, "All right, Jerry. I'll be waiting, up the road." Chadwick's eyes filled. "Good old horse! I thought you would." And Wynant came forth to put in the busiest ten minutes of his life, hurrying to the ears of the tennis writers, all of whom he knew, meeting the general bewilderment with his explanations.

WHEN Chadwick came out, Rosalind too was waiting, near his car. As he saw her, a last hope against hope flared up; she might be going to tell him it didn't matter—until he was near enough to make out her expression. Then he lifted his hat and would have passed her. She stopped him. "Jerry! I want to speak to you."

"I don't know," he said, "why you should. Shall we go somewhere else?" They were alone, but in view from the clubhouse.

"It's private enough here," she said impatiently. "I know what you were doing, Jerry!"

And he recognized with consternation that she did. But he asked her what she meant.

"Oh, you were about as hard to see through as plate glass! Crabbing and losing your temper is so like you, isn't it? Lots of people must have seen—"

Actually, not even Wynant had, except that he was not himself.

"—And Great Love of Pete! If you thought I was blue but I'd stick to my tom-fool bargain, why couldn't you tell me, or tell Joey, or do some other sensible thing—instead of standing up there before everyone you know, and—"

"Yes?"

"And trying to make me disgusted, so I'd snap out of it! I suppose you thought you were being very noble and all that—pulling the stalest 'big scene' there is, the hero pretending to be a rotter to cure the girl of liking him!" She was quivering with vexation. It was highly becoming to her. She was looking, not at the ground as her mother would have been, but full in his face; her eyes, however violet, were open and honestly contemptuous; it was he who was looking at the ground. "Anyhow, it's worked," she said, "though not the way you thought it would! You've cured me, all right, of liking you or respecting you one bit! And I used to be so sorry for you about Mater, and wish I could grow up so I could marry you!" This last was her one speech that, at the moment, made him wince.

"And then, when I set out to be nasty to Joey by marrying somebody, I was glad it could be you—I was fond of you and I hoped I'd make up for what she'd done to you. I'd always thought she'd been an awful goat about your tennis, and I thought Joey was as big a one about his own and me. He isn't! But I've been! And you are! No, you're worse!"

It was comparatively easy for him to take his medicine like a gentleman. Later when heroics passed off, he was a man who wanted and could have had her—for she would have stuck to her bargain, he knew—and he went pretty much to pieces, plodding all night with Wynant over half the North Shore roads. But now he was able to bear himself well. "I don't understand," he said with gentle dignity.

"Why, if Joey doesn't want to quit working, he won't, not to please any girl on earth—and he's right, as right as you were not to go to work to please one! But you can bet that when Joey's been in business twenty years, and it's what he's proud of and what he has to show for half his life, he won't make a silly mess of it for any girl's sake, either—and that's the thing you've done this afternoon!"

He tried to interrupt her. "Please—"

"It is! It's exactly what you've done! You were such a clean sport, you were known for it, it was the best thing you had to be proud of—and that goes for your war record; some awful rotters I've met did well in the war—and you've junked it in a perfectly *ridiculous* attempt to straighten things out for me! I think you're an idiot, and I'm going to Joey and tell him I'm another!"

HE WATCHED her go. Although his renunciation was a fizzle, here was the cue for the touching exit line, and he spoke it after her. The break in his voice was genuine. "God bless you!" But it was lost on modern youth. Or she didn't hear him.

That was what was the matter with Chadwick at the Dunesdale Invitation. It seems to have been a plain case of old-fashioned sentimental chivalry.

GAS

HERE are two more of the Senate Committee's suggestions for traffic regulations in the District of Columbia which might be universally adopted. Send in your vote on them, together with any relevant remarks.

1. "Anyone but a normal adult should be prohibited from operating a motor car. Automobiles weighing a ton, capable of high speed, can logically be viewed as dangerous weapons when placed in wrong hands."

2. "The examination for an operator's license should be most thorough and rigid, both as to physical, mental, and moral aspects."

The Sheik at Home

IF YOU want to get some interesting sidelights on humanity, sit on a fence for an hour or so at a popular suburban railroad station some morning and watch the commuters arrive in their cars to entrain for the city. "Gas" did this the other day with a pessimistic friend and carried away several thoughts. The careless, the untidy, the spendthrift left their cars to be parked all day at the mercy of the elements and the vandals. The wise were driven by members of their families who then took the cars back to the shelter of the garage or out on errands of convenience, economy, or practicality—the true destiny of every automobile. The pessimistic friend remarked, "At the station, here, you see women kissed who are never kissed at any other time." We wonder about that, and, if true, why?

For Henry Ford

MR. FORD announces with pride that his company has produced its ten millionth automobile—a commercial record never before approached. And well may he be proud. It is the realization of a lifelong dream—quick, economical, personal transportation for the masses. *But*—the appearance of ten million Fords on our highways—primarily designed for foot and horse-vehicle traffic—has helped to produce this confusion which is known as the "automobile situation." Wouldn't it be nice if Mr. Ford sat down and gave his mind to solving the problems he has helped to create. And we believe he could do it.

Ain't It the Truth?

ONE of the wisest executives we know in the automobile business—a man who has made a keen study of the traffic and accident situations—recently summed up the latter in this way:

"You may talk all you want to about rights and responsibilities, but a whole lot of the automobile accident question hinges on the fact that a pedestrian can't exchange bumps with an automobile."

A New Cleveland Plan

WELL, what do you think of Cleveland's new scheme? Each motorist has to stop his car before entering or crossing any of the main thoroughfares. Wonder how that will work out.

Behind the Cop

HERE'S something we saw the other evening—a motorcycle cop spinning down the highway at 40 miles an hour and, a quarter of a mile behind him, a line of cars also going about forty. Were they all going to a fire or something? No, they were simply following human nature which says, in effect:

When you know the cop's behind,
Keep the speed law well in mind.
But when you see his tail-light red,
Press the gas and go ahead.

Vigilance Means Existence

IF YOU EVER have time to jot down a set of rules on "How to Stay Alive" you might head it with this one: Always go over railroad crossings in first or second gear. Then the car is not so likely to stall if you see a train approaching, and jam the accelerator down to the floorboards.

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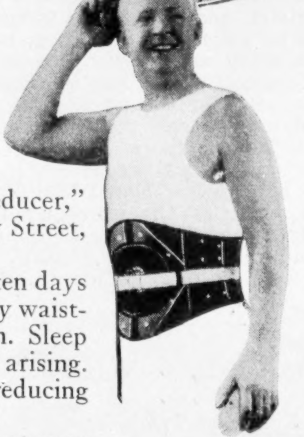

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To avoid regrets send the coupon today

Mr. Hofmann regrets that he did not get rid of his excess fat years ago. You will regret it, too, if you don't sign the coupon, right now, while it is handy. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity to reduce WITH NO EFFORT AT ALL.

Dr. Thomas Lawton, Dept. J-41,
19 W. 70th St., New York City

Please send me complete description of your Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer. Also details of your FREE TRIAL OFFER under which I am to be the sole judge of the efficiency of your device.

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(Please sign your name Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

THE HORIZON

To that far line where Earth attains the skies
Adventure on—there waits your enterprise

MAY the Horizon repeat, with all due clarity and emphasis, that Collier's has no candidate for President? It seems to be impossible to mention the names of any or all of the candidates without giving somebody the impression that one of them is favored.

The Traveling Man's Vote

To the Editor of Collier's:

I belong to that body of men known as commercial travelers, who I am sure, when the opportunity offers, usually register and vote. But a great many of us seldom get a chance; being at times many miles away on election day we can't afford to lose the time to go to and fro for the purpose of voting, and neither can thousands of us afford the cost of the railroad fare.

Collier's could add another achievement to its long list by working out a solution whereby the traveling man would be permitted to cast his vote while on the road. J. W. KOHN,
Chicago, Ill.

Whom is He to Vote For?

To the Editor of Collier's:

Tell me why this should be made the "Year of the Big Vote." Taking it for granted that either Coolidge or Davis will be elected, what difference does it make to anyone in this country which one gets it? One is as good a guess as the other, as they are both conservatives, and as far as the platforms go they are almost identical.

There is but one issue in the country to-day and that is between city and farm workers. There was a time when capital lined up with the farmer, but for the present capital seems content to cast its influence to labor. Personally I see nothing for the farmer to do but grin and bear it until such a time as capital sees it to its benefit to change about and pull for the farmer.

Why do editors give us so much bunk? I. E. HARRISON,
Wrightstown, N. J.

Will Mr. Harrison tell us why a voter holding views like his can't give them approximate expression at the polls by voting for Senator La Follette?

OUT OF HIS OWN deep concern as a father, and after much thoroughgoing work as an experienced investigator and reporter of public questions, William G. Shepherd concludes that "What's Wrong With Our Children" in this country is lack of religion in our homes and in our schools—and in particular the lack of religious instruction in the schools.

Everybody knows why such instruction is not given in our public schools. The conceptions of freedom of worship and no discrimination because of creed are fundamental in our national life and the building of our institutions. Through anxiety to maintain these conceptions the whole country, years ago, committed itself against "taxes for the instruction of any creed." But it isn't the "creed" aspect that has set Mr. Shepherd thinking. He is satisfied that you cannot have moral and ethical instruction apart from religious instruction, and that if something *is* wrong with our children—and there evidently is—then moral and ethical instruction in the public schools is required to right it.

His message is about the same as the revivalist's: Get back to God, the God upon whom in the last analysis all the creeds agree. How can we set about it in education without violence to the freedom-of-worship principle? Here is a question that will hold all the thinking anyone is capable of putting into it.

We'll Bite—What's the Answer?

To the Editor of Collier's:

We have a monster locomotive here in Pittsburgh. Its pulling power is rated in thousands of tons. Last week they wanted to test it, so they brought it down Fifth Avenue and Wood Street and tied it to the First National Bank building, using a silk twist to tie to the building, and when they started the locomotive it easily pulled the twenty-odd-story building clear across Wood Street.

I do not know whether you get it or not, but if not I will let you in on the secret. M. P. MACKAY,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Unless there's a financial inflation in Pittsburgh, Collier's gives it up. We never were good at those, anyway.

Amos Pinchot's Stand

To the Editor of Collier's:

Collier's has published an article, "Some Reds Are Only Pink," in which the statement is made that I "would have the state take over all aggregations of wealth that threaten to become monopolistic." This is unrepresentative of the stand I have taken, and of that of George L. Record and Allen McCurdy, who are associated with me in the article.

I have never favored the government going into production. I do not believe in government-owned industry. I have long opposed socialism, because its doctrines seem to me psychologically unsound and economically impracticable. I have always held that industry should be owned and operated privately, in units as large as may prove efficient. I have always believed that competition is a factor vitally necessary to large production, to enterprise and invention.

I am for government ownership of railroads, not as a step to public ownership of industry, but because I believe it will result in better private industry, under healthy competitive conditions.
AMOS PINCHOT, New York City.

Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense!

To the Editor of Collier's:

As a constant and interested reader I've been able to say your magazine, including stories, has been clean morally. I hope you are not going to spoil your record by publishing "suggestive" stories such as "The Mountain," by Ben Ames Williams, now running.
H. C. HUNT, Los Angeles, Cal.

How to Make War on War

To the Editor of Collier's:

Nations as a rule do not plunge into war, they drift in, and one corrupt politician may have greater effect on the outcome of a conflict than a battalion of fighting men. Our next conflict will be like the last in many respects. The clergyman who opposes the draft will go to jail, as will the student or the ex-fighting man who does. The men at the front who refuse to obey the order of the politician, sent through the commanding officer, will be shot down. We all remember what happened to the mutineers who captured the Russian Black Sea fleet, and it should be a lesson to the man who in any other way than by vote opposes government. At best such efforts, instead of preventing war, mean civil war, which is worse.

I would suggest for consideration the formation of an organization on a patriotic basis, to develop the resources of the nation, to make it invulnerable. Such a movement, financed by public subscription, would have a vast and stimulating effect. Why cannot Collier's organize one—to provide apparatus for the national defense; to cheapen and develop and simplify methods of warfare; to try and find out what can be done?
JOHN BUCKLEY, Revere, Mass.

How Can We Make 'Em Vote?

Continued from page 12

business away. The men who have gotten most out of the country, as a class, vote less than the other fellows. The country women are not voting. The city women are. That is illustrated in my district in northern New York. The proportion of voters is less in the country than in the cities. It always will be that way, I think. Greater efforts are made in the cities to get out the vote.

"Does that suggest anything to you? Is there a hint there that we might remedy nonvoting to some extent by working harder than we now do? One thing that is making the problem difficult is the breaking down of party government. There seems to be a drift toward independent voting. That means that you can't lure them to the polls with the old party loyalty appeal. I don't know what we are going to do about it but I know we have got to do something."

If there is a more efficient organization for getting out the vote than Tammany I've never heard of it. I went down to the Hall in Fourteenth Street in New York, to see Judge George Washington Olvany. The successor of Charles F. Murphy, of Dick Crocker and the other bosses of this old political machine was on his throne, a swivel chair behind a roll-top desk so placed that his back is to the light that filters through the window set just above the confusion of traffic flowing past.

"Sit down," said Judge Olvany, "and tell me what I can do for you."

"Tell me how you make 'em vote; how you can make all of them vote."

"Personal persuasion." From the pat way he said it I knew it was a phrase he had used often. He is a big man, but not a fat one. His cheek bones are high; his upper lip long; his eyes slightly protuberant and blue. His thick, stiff hair is beginning to gray and is parted on the left side. Habitually his face and generously formed ears are coppery red from exposure to the sun. He is the boss of New York.

"Can you make more of them vote?"

"I've got to. But I'm telling you it's personal persuasion. I didn't get this out of a book. Think of all those years I was leader of the tenth assembly district. I used to go from house to house, from cellar to roof. I knew every soul. It's the only way. You have to argue with them. Lots of them give you arguments, but you must meet their arguments."

I think the judge must have forgotten for a minute that he was not instructing a freshly appointed precinct captain, for he talked with ardor.

"You must meet all their arguments and you must get them registered. Unless they are registered they are just blank cartridges. Once registered, as a general rule they'll vote. But it is the personal persuasion that counts. House to house. Cellar to roof.

"Voters want to know more nowadays than they used to. I guess they all come from Missouri. They want to know about the candidates and they want to know about the platform. It's a good thing, too. But the way to make 'em vote is to go and talk to them, plead and reason. Personal persuasion."

Leaving, I cast a glance around the high-ceilinged room. On the walls were huge portraits of Dick Crocker, a newly finished one of the late Charles F. Murphy, each of whom in turn had wondered, no doubt, at the vagaries of the nonvoter.

Well, if everyone who voted in 1920 will make it his or her business to apply "personal persuasion" to at least one of those who did not vote I should say it would be safe to bet that we would hear no more in this country about compulsory voting for a long time to come.

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STAR MOTOR CARS

Your Dentist Is Your Friend

Like your physician, he is a professional man. Consult him twice a year or oftener and let him help you save your teeth!

When You Leave Your Dentist's Chair

It's Up to You!

Your dentist has just put your teeth in good condition. Repairs have been made—where necessary—and very carefully he has cleaned and polished the tell-tale spots that prove your tooth brush has passed them by.

Now It's Up to You!

Within a month there can be trouble brewing—or you can be still free from decay! It all depends upon two things—(1) how carefully you brush your teeth—and (2) whether or not you use the proper tooth brush.

Clean All Five Surfaces!

Just *brushing* teeth isn't enough. You must *clean* them thoroughly. There are five surfaces on every tooth which need your attention. Neglect of any one of them may lead to decay—tartar—or perhaps pyorrhea.

"Scientifically Correct"

Your dentist will tell you that 99% of tooth decay starts in out-of-the-way places. Bacteria seek out these spots and crevices as shelters for their destructive work.

With this fact clearly in mind—Dr. West's Tooth Brush was designed by a famous dentist. That's why it's smaller—curved to fit the INSIDE surfaces; trimmed to sweep the crevices clean. That's why its handle has a reverse curve—which lets you clean the back teeth without straining. In less than three years it has met with hearty acceptance and endorsement by millions of users as well as by the dental profession.

Dentists refer to this tooth brush as "scientifically correct." But it is more than that. Of great importance also—*it actually makes brushing the teeth a simpler and easier process.*

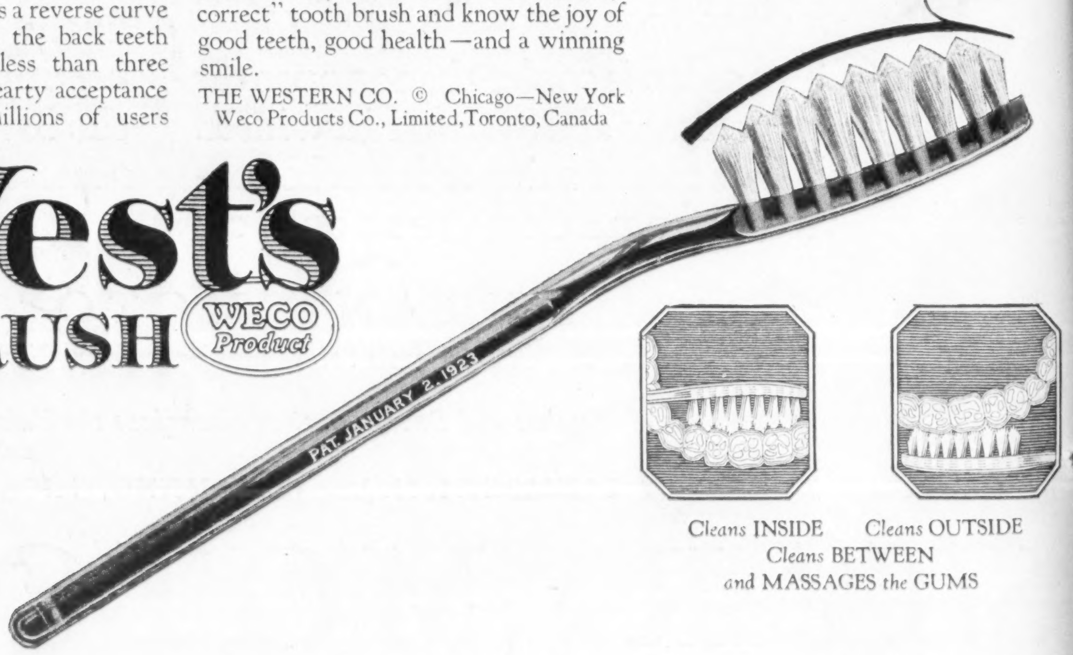
Visit Your Dentist

Go to your dentist twice a year regularly. Have him put your teeth in order. Then—when you leave his chair—use this one health measure daily. Help him save your teeth by proper care. Brush them twice a day with this "scientifically correct" tooth brush and know the joy of good teeth, good health—and a winning smile.

THE WESTERN CO. © Chicago—New York
Weco Products Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada

The only tooth brush with the health curve

Dr. West's
TOOTH BRUSH
WECO Product



Cleans INSIDE Cleans OUTSIDE
Cleans BETWEEN
and MASSAGES the GUMS

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of your family. Good dealers can supply you

PRICES:

Adult's	50c
Youth's	35c
Child's	25c
Gum Massage	75c